2271/1943

ost Box 322
elegrams: "Chronicle".

Registered No. B. 4666
Telephone No. 22037

The Bombay Chronicle

Founder: PHEROZESHAH MEHTA

WEEKLY

Editor: SYED ABDULLAH BRELVI

VOL. I NO. 5 BOMBAY: SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1942 PRICE THREE ANNAS

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

137413

"We Are From Kathiawar"

—*A. K. Syed*

AXIS EYES ON CYPRUS

A TRUE STORY

By C. K. NARAYANASWAMY

THE REVELATION

Nanna was a lad of hardly 15 years of age. He came from obscure Brahmin parentage. Brought up under conditions of strict orthodoxy, he had in his early years drunk deep into the ways of caste-Hindus and took a particular pleasure in teasing the untouchables.

Of course, he was a coward. If the untouchables happened to be a police constable or a Taluka Town Munsif, he would meekly suffer their nearness and would even bow with respect and humility. His intense orthodoxy had also taught him to be prudent to the extent that in pursuit of it, even though it had the sanction of religious authority, he should not in any way offend those who were dressed in the uniform or were high placed in Government Service. Often he would wander along the narrow footpaths of the paddy fields where the lower grades in the community of untouchables trek their weary way in the evening after hard labour. The idea was to reap sadistic pleasure in driving the unfortunate class of people into the muddy fields where remonstrance or reluctance was confronted with mud balls and stones. After these exploits he would revel in his deeds as a hero would after an exciting and dangerous adventure. In Malabar, from where Nanna hailed, untouchability is measured by the feet and varies according to the social utility of the particular caste of people. While, therefore, a carpenter is free from pollution at a distance of five feet, a Nayadi, —the true child of the soil,—who toils all day and most of the night in the fields must keep as far away as he could scarcely be seen. Nanna took the narrow footpaths of the fields, so that sadistic pleasure would be at its acme.

But something happened to him at the age of 15. He was living in a Nair house near a famous Siva temple. His daily routine commenced at five in the morning. After a dip in the temple tank,—the exclusive preserve of the twice-born,—he would go for 'darshan' smeared all over with cow-dung ashes. His devotion and religious fervour had brought him praise. Some people even went to the length of looking at him with awe and folded hands. Some others whispered: "Lo, and behold, a 'Brahmin Nandanar.' The tribe will multiply and poverty will disappear. A new Kailas is in sight."

Nanna became the cynosure of the people round about, and his fame travelled wide and once a month folk from as far away as five and seven miles would come to this temple not so much to have 'darshan' of the image, as to pay their devotional homage to the new 'Nandanar.'

This went on for some months and Nanna basked in the praise that was being showered on him. But everything changed all of a sudden. Nanna deserted the temple and gave up the ashes. He now wore a serious mien and his eyes disclosed mental disturbance and discomfort.

"He is gone mad," said the worshippers. "This is what happens when youths in their teens attempt to imitate the Sanyasins of old. Keep away from him. The devil seems to have taken hold of him."

The young virgins and the little children who used to gather round Nanna in playful mirth now looked askance from a distance. They began to shun him and older people stared at him with meaning looks and their lips twitched in scorn. Nanna saw the change around him, but he was unaffected. What had happened to him? Why did he keep away from the temple? How is it that he no more took his dip in the crystal clear water of the temple tank, but instead took his bath in the public tank used by all and sundry? Why did he loiter up and down the by-baths and public roads, instead of the temple? These questions, too, agitated a few who had taken a liking to this Brahmin youth who was different from other Brahmin youths. One such friend, Achuthan by name, caught him in a communicative mood and began plying him with these and other questions.

Nanna was a student in the High School which was over two miles away from the place. He used to be deeply immersed in reading his texts while he was free from his temple devotions. Now the books seemed to annoy him. A new spirit of defiance had come over him. The old humility had gone. There was something about him which gave the impression that he was suffering from some deep wound which had shaken him up thoroughly.

"Nanna, why this sudden change in you? You seemed so contented and happy only till the other day. You seem agitated and ill and you keep away from those who love you and whom you loved. Can't you tell me? May be, some of us can be of help."

"Achu, dear, you all know me in one form. Perhaps you, then, thought I was mad or that I was indulging in the theatricals of the hypocrite devotee when I rolled round on the temple pavement or danced on one leg before the temple image. You are astonished now because I keep away from the temple and all which formed part of me. There is nothing surprising in your astonishment. But you won't understand me; I had a revelation," Nanna began quietly.

What had happened to him? Why did he keep away from the temple?...Why did he loiter up and down the by-paths and roads? Had he gone mad?

"You won't understand me", he replied, "I have had a revelation".

Achuthan was taken aback at the last word. "Then those people are saying the truth? You are under the influence of the evil spirit. If the 'revelation' is from God, you would not give up the temple and your devotional life." he said.

"Have courage, friend. The revelation is neither from the God of the temple, nor is it the Evil one who has caught hold me. I love and long for the former. The latter can never approach me. I am confident of that. The revelation is something different, though nothing new. What is revealed to me to-day has been with us for ages. We experience it every day, but do not see it. A fact in our life which never bothers us and whose enormity we never feel, has been revealed to me in its horrible, most detestable and despicable form."

Nanna became silent. Neither broke the silence for a while. Achuthan looked up to find Nanna preparing to go out.

"Nanna, Nanna," he called out. "May I come with you, too? Where are you going?"

"You are always welcome. But it would be better if you leave me alone this evening. I am going to atone for my—our—sins in some small way. When you are calmer and if you promise me not to lose patience, we may resume the conversation later on."

Nanna was already on the streets. Achuthan was agitated and wore an uncertain mien.

"No, I will follow you today. I am afraid....." He hissed out the words. There was no hiding his apprehension. He was convinced that Nanna was going on his last journey.

"I am not going to commit suicide, Achu, if that is the idea that haunts you. I have to live, and live indeed I will, to rub out the sin that has defaced our life through the ages. Suicide is the last resort of cowards. I refuse to be one," smiled Nanna.

Nanna walked on. Achut, too, followed him. Nanna was a bit perturbed. He was not sure it would be prudent to go where he was bound with his friend following him. But he did not want to arouse suspicions. He assumed a lighter air and began to talk about this friend and that. They talked their way to the jetty of the backwaters a mile away.

"Why have you come here? This is an unusual place to go." Achuthan inquired.

"Not so unusual: look there....." The fishermen in their small country-boats had done a long day's fishing and had bagged a big fare. Nanna pointed to them.

"They live a very interesting life. All day they are in the water. They do not seem to be concerned with the depth of the water. They are seldom in their boats. They catch fish and make a living out of it. They are honest folk and eke out an honourable living. They don't dote on society, nor are they parasites of the temples. I like to watch them come fresh from the water; tired maybe, but cheery all the time. I now long to know these people and their life."

"But they are untouchables. You surely can't mix with them," interrupted Achuthan.

"That is what worries me." Nanna said simply.

The sun had gone down. Achuthan was anxious to get back to the temple. He revelled in the habit of sitting on the temple walls watching the charming young women go round and round.

"How do you like Lakshmikutty", he asked.

"I see, we shall soon be back and you can feast your eyes on the blooming belles in the temple," sneered Nanna.

Lakshmikutty was a girl of thirteen. She was attached to the temple service. It was traditional. She was fair, a little plum; but really charming. One would give a fortune for a full smile from her. Nanna lived in an out-house attached to her family home. They were friends and played together and gathered flowers. It would appear at times as though they were playing Romeo and Juliet. Lakshmikutty was all innocence and confiding. During the days Nanna lived the "Nandanar life," she would do such odds and ends as a devotee stood in need of. When he changed, she would smile—the smile of pity. Nanna knew he loved her and expressed it by eating with her. It was unusual for a Brahmin to eat with a non-Brahmin, and Lakshmi was a non-Brahmin. Worse it was if the food itself was cooked by a non-Brahmin. They felt happy in each other's company.

Days passed into weeks. Achuthan joined Nanna and Lakshmikutty as they were reading one of the Kunjan Nambiar's "Thullal kathas." Though he evinced interest in what they were reading, he had this time come with the set purpose of making Nanna talk. He betrayed the feeling that he knew something and seemed anxious to clothe that knowledge in mystery. He snatched the book away from Lakshmikutty and asked for some water to drink.

"Won't you have tea? I shall get it prepared in a minute," she said and was about to leave.

"Rather be it some good buttermilk. Your minute will mean an hour for tea," laughed Nanna.

"No, Achuthan is modern. He likes tea. I shall prepare it. As for you, you can have cold water," she winked and was gone.

"Nanna, I have found out your secret, the cause for the charge that has come over you," Achuthan began.

"There is no secret about me," Nanna protested.

"What took you to that little thatched house in that lane, you know what I mean?" retorted he in evident triumph.

"You little spy——you have been watching my movements, eh. Better you know all. Little knowledge is a dangerous thing. There is no secret about it, Achu. That is Kumaran's house. He and his brother Govindan are my class-mates. We are friends. Is there any wonder I went to their house?"

"But they are untouchables." interrupted Achuthan.

"Yes....."

"There are others who are in the same class as you. There are Brahmins and other caste Hindus. You could as well have gone to any of those houses. I have been watching your movements these days. I have never seen you going to any of the other boys' houses."

Achuthan was not prepared to accept excuses. He was not in a mood to be put off. Evidently he knew more and hoped to scare Nanna into a confession.

"I know, there is a charming young girl in that house," he said with a giggle.

Nanna smiled. "When Lakshmikutty is here why should I go to Kumaran's for female company? Of course, I do like that girl. She so often brings me tender cocoanuts when I go to their house. She prepares nice tea too and the "puttu" she prepares is excellent and inviting."

"Nanna, this is no good. I am sufficiently advanced in my views, but I can't bear the thought that any of us can eat at an untouchable's house. If society comes to know about this, do you realise the consequences of your action?" Achuthan was serious.

"I am grateful to you, Achu, for your kind interest in me. But let it be understood that I have taken the step I have with a full knowledge of what is in store for me. I confess I have no courage to face ostracism or to meet caste wrath. But I am convinced that some day it will have to be done." Nanna's tone betrayed deep emotion and Achuthan was disturbed.

"Listen," went on Nanna. You have found out the truth behind my change. It is no devil's work. I have been nurtured in orthodoxy and I took sadistic pleasure in ill-treating the unfortunate people who for no fault of theirs are treated as outcastes. I did not realise the enormity of the social crime we the so-called caste people have been committing against our own brethren for centuries. And there is no law which can haul us up. To indulge in this crime is considered a virtue. Those people are denied even free use of the public roads and pathways....."

"I am scared." Lakshmikutty was staring at the two youngmen. "Why, I have been here a good few minutes and neither of you realise it. It is funny.....this talk of "pleasure" and "crime." What is it all about, any way?..... Two young men look so serious, as though the heavens are about to fall....."

"Pour the tea for Achu, dear," quietly said Nanna. "Don't be excited. You can join in our talk, ...Have you anything for me?"

"Water, of course," she snapped out. But the twinkle in her eyes said something else.

"Come on, have this Nanna." She extended a glass full of

(Continued on Page 21)

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 21 April, 2017

CYPRUS IS TRANSFORMED

Key Island In The Eastern Mediterranean

By D. G. Johnston

If Hitler strikes east towards the Suez Canal, one of the first "strong points" he must attack is the island of Cyprus, the British Crown Colony which stands close to Asia Minor and Syria.

When Crete fell, it was expected that Hitler would drive on to Cyprus, using the same methods of attack. But his drive to the south-east petered out and he turned against Russia. A year ago, Cyprus might not have been able to withstand an attack such as fell on Crete. To-day the island has been transformed. More, it is backed by powerful land and air forces in Syria which, a year ago, was under the control of Vichy.

The lessons of Crete were immediately put into practice in Cyprus and by the autumn of last year the island not only had many new aerodromes and defences, but also the largest garrison in its history. The defences were largely built with local labour and the islanders showed their loyalty and enthusiasm by offering one day's labour free. Some 6,000 Cypriot labourers have given a day's work to the military authorities free.

New Ideas Of Defence

When General Auchinleck as Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East inspected the island's defences in September he found not only large numbers of British troops with armoured detachments, artillery and anti-aircraft guns, but also new ideas for defence against airborne invasion. The work has continued through the winter and, following registration of every man between 18 and 60, there has been a call-up for the national labour service, especially of miners, masons and stone cutters.

Cyprus has a population of about 350,000 people, the great majority of Greek and Turkish extraction. The majority of islanders belong to one of the Christian churches, but there are some 60,000 Mohammedans. They have proved courageous and calm during the air raids, the first of which was in June 1940, immediately following Italy's entry into the war.

There followed a year's "lull" during which great progress was made with Civil Defence. Air raid shelters were tunnelled, and an evacuation scheme arranged for women and children who wanted to leave the chief towns for scattered villages in the hills. Some 5,000 left the capital, Nicosia alone, the cost of the scheme being borne by the Government. Through June, July and August of last year, Cyprus was raided frequently, but after the summer the raids petered out into periodica reconnaissances. The evacuation scheme was discontinued, but would no doubt be put into effect again immediately if heavy raids started again.

Good Soldiers

Cypriots make good soldiers, especially skilled in transport in difficult conditions. The first colonial unit to arrive in France was a Pack Transport Company from Cyprus. The Cypriot regiment, trained in Egypt after being raised in February 1940, took part in the desert campaigns and Cypriot units have also fought in Greece, Crete, East Africa and Syria. By the end of last year, 20,000 men had volunteered for service in the island and they had suffered nearly 2,500 casualties, mostly in Greece.

The formation of a Home Guard was approved at the end of 1940 and now almost every man on the island, from the Government officials, doctors and lawyers down to the poorest labourer is doing war service of some kind. It is interesting to note that 2,500 men from Cyprus in Great Britain have volunteered for service.

The war has brought great changes in the agriculture and commerce of Cyprus. Great efforts have been made to make Cyprus self-supporting in food not only because of the military advantages, but also because of the shortage of shipping in the Eastern Mediterranean. A fund of £500,000 had been built up to encourage agriculture, and the growing of wheat and potatoes has specially been encouraged.

Contribution To War

Great strides have been made, but, with the influx of a large army for defence, Cyprus is still dependent upon imports for food. The shipping difficulty has also upset the normal export of oranges, lemons, raisins, beans and wine upon which Cyprus depended. The vine growers have been given financial assistance and the Government have undertaken to buy all raisins produced.

All this, of course, has produced financial difficulties, and Cyprus, one of the few countries without an income tax before the war, imposed one for the first time in October of last year. It will raise £50,000 a year towards expenditure which has now risen to over a million. Cyprus is not a rich country, but the islanders have sent many gifts of money for various purposes. £7,000 was raised to buy fighter planes; £3,000 raised for mobile canteens and many thousands given to the Red Cross. The call which specially touched the islanders was for relief of their Greek comrades and in March last year they gave £21,000 for this.

Roughly the size of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk combined, the position of Cyprus in the Eastern Mediterranean has ensured it playing a part in the history of the various Empires that have risen and fallen round this sea. It contains few mineral deposits of importance and its agriculture is not sufficiently prosperous to attract the aggressor, but its position, only 69 miles from Syria and 44 miles from Asia Minor at the nearest points, has led to it being invaded many times.

Youngest Colony

Between the 7th and 10th centuries it was regularly invaded by the Arabs. Then Richard 1 of England took the island because crusaders returning from the Holy Land were being ill-treated by its ruler. He sold the island to the Knights Templars. In the 16th century, the island suffered heavily at the hands of the Turks. The inhabitants were massacred in thousands—20,000 perished in Wicosia alone and Famagusta fell after a siege lasting a year.

Cyprus came under British administration in 1878 as a result of a treaty with the Sultan of Turkey, Britain paying "tribute." The outbreak of war in 1914 was the signal for annexation and the island became a British Crown Colony, being thus one of the youngest of the colonies.

AT LAST

Cartoon by Vicky from the London News Chronicle.

POETS AND THE WAR

ROBERT LYND DISCUSSES A PARADOX OF PRESENT TIMES!

There has been some criticism of the attitude of those who are regarded as typically modern poets to the war, or, at least, of their failure to find inspiration in the greatest war for liberty that the world has known. The heroic nature of the struggle, it is pointed out, has inspired Mr. Churchill as a theme for great prose that will endure as long as the funeral speech of Pericles, but the modern school of poets do not seem to have realized emotionally or imaginatively the majesty or the tragedy of the catastrophe that is sweeping over the earth.

Some writers defend the lack of inspiration of the poets on the ground that, even during a great war, the poet has the right to concentrate on permanent things and to live in a world of truth and beauty that has survived catastrophe after catastrophe through the ages and that can perish only with the human spirit. The defenders of contemporary poetry even suggest that their critics wish to turn the poets into mere propagandists of the war effort and so to degrade them into insincere hacks. Poetry, they justly argue, is not necessarily good poetry because it is good patriotism, and one of the champions of the new poets, Mr. L. Aaronson, in a recent article in "The Nineteenth Century", takes Mr. Desmond MacCarthy to task for "giving high praise to a book of extremely bad verse partly because the writer is clear and is a serving soldier"

I have not read the book in question, but I have a high respect for the judgement of Mr. MacCarthy and known that there is no literary critic who is less influenced by jingoism. Apart from this, I suspect Mr. Aaronson's judgement when he goes on to say of the book that Mr. MacCarthy refers to: "We have examined the book and find the usual Brookesian stuff." The use of the impossible adjective "Brookesian" is bad enough, but still more open to criticism is the attitude of a writer who can dismiss as "Brookesian stuff" the sonnets of Rupert Brooke. Rupert Brooke was not one of the great English Poets—possibly he was for a time over-rated—but he did happen, at the beginning of the last war, to write one or two sonnets that will be as fresh and as lovely in their genius a hundred years hence as the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney or John of Gaunt's praise of England in Shakespeare's "Richard II".

Real Point

Mr. Aaronson obviously does not believe this, and so he does not understand why some of the older critics are puzzled over the failure of modern poetry to play as great a part in the interpretation of the spirit of man confronted with apocalyptic challenges as poetry played in the last Great War. "It is obvious," he writes, "that Mr. MacCarthy, like so many other men of the last war, wants a war-poetry that produces the old excitements, wants the poets 'down in the market place'

(Continued On Page 21)

'Flying Tigers' Of China

American Volunteer Corps Makes Air History

Exclusive To "The Bombay Chronicle Weekly"

One of the most thrilling chapters in the history of air fighting is being written by the American Volunteer Group, fighting with the Chinese Air Force over the South Asia front.

The 100 or so Flying Tigers, as they are called, in three months' time destroyed nearly 300 Japanese planes and liquidated close to 800 Japanese airmen with exceedingly small damage to themselves.

The Flying Tigers are American boys in their twenties. Most are unmarried. They are all former combat fliers with U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Air Forces. While they fight as a unit of the Chinese Air Force, they still hold their commissions in the American Flying Forces, by special arrangement between Washington and Chungking.*

All of them are well-educated, holding degrees from American universities or other records of advanced academic training. All are the sons of plain men, of farmers, merchants, shopkeepers, physicians and civil servants.

A Fitting Symbol

They fly Curtiss P-40 fighter planes, which came to China from American factories under the U.S. Lend-Lease programme. The nose of each plane is painted with the ferocious snout of a shark. It is a fitting symbol, since for each of these planes lost, the Japanese have lost more than 20..

The idea of the American Volunteer Group originated with their present commander, Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault. This retired U. S. Army Air Corps officer, veteran of four years in China as flying teacher for the Chinese Air Force, returned to the United States in the spring of 1941 to recruit American airmen for voluntary service with China.

That summer the boys arrived in the Yunnan Province, nearly 200 pilots, gunners, radio operators and mechanics. The United States was not at war then, and for the sake of diplomatic protocol the young airmen registered as tourists, artists, actors and acrobats.

Unorthodox Methods

Assigned at once to their own air base under Chennault's command, the volunteers began training in the Curtiss P-40 ships. They were trained to use unorthodox weaves, approaches and diving manoeuvres—not only to baffle the convention-minded Japanese and make them more vulnerable, but also to ensure a better chance to get away safely.

For planes lost in China were not easy to replace. The fliers were also trained intensively in markmanship, for ammunition was too precious to be wasted.

That December the American Volunteer Group engaged the enemy for the first time. Over the wild gorges of Yunnan came an echelon of ten Japanese bombers to blast the Burma Road. Suddenly, out of the clouds dropped six Curtiss fighters emblazoned with the red-white-and-blue insignia of Free China.

Something New For The Japs

The P-40s swooped down close to the enemy, so close that it seemed a crash was unavoidable. Their guns opened up, and they swerved and cut clear. Six Japanese bombers crumpled in mid-air and began to topple earthward with trails of smoke behind. The others fled. Back to their base went the American volunteers, with no losses to report.

To the Japanese this was something new. Guarding the Burma Road was a new hornet to be swatted. The next day they set out to swat it—and blast the Burma Road. Sixty of their best Nakajima bombers, accompanied by 18 fighters, roared out from a Thailand base. A small unit of the Flying Tigers met them over Rangoon.

The Japanese never reached the Burma Road. Only 56 of the whole squadron reached home.

Such engagements continued. The rising toll took on fantastic proportions. The Japanese sent larger bomber formations with larger fighter escorts. But the story was always the same. The more they sent, the more they lost.

Hornet Becomes A Monster

Tokyo Radio at last complained before the world that the American Volunteer Group was using unorthodox methods. The enemy confessed his chagrin, his humiliation, his fear. The hornet had become a monster.

The Chinese adore their American compatriots. In the streets of Kunming, groups of the fliers are hailed as they pass in their gray-green trucks, which are painted with AVG letters in white.

Often the Kunming restaurateurs and shopkeepers refuse to accept payment from them, saying, "You are our friends, you protect us."

But the boys do not regard themselves as heroes. They view themselves simply as doing a job they had come to do.

"The shaded areas denote military camps in Germany."
"And the unmarked territory?"
"Concentration camps."

—Soviet Cartoon

*The A.V.G. is now to be merged in the U. S. Army Air Force.

STEFAN ZWEIG

Famous Exiled Author, Victim Of The Nazi Terror, Commits Suicide In Brazil

By DHARAM YASH DEV

Details have just reached us of Stefan Zweig's suicide and his last days in Brazil. A correspondent from Rio de Janeiro, writing on the 23rd of February, sends us the following pathetic mesage:

"Stefan Zweig, noted Austrian-born author who became a man without a country because of the spread of Nazism, committed suicide to-day.

Dying with him was his wife, Elizabeth. They took poison at their home near Petropolis, the Brazilian summer capital, and were found locked in each other's arms.

The couple had lived in Petropolis several months while the author gathered material for a recently published book, "Brazil, Country of the Future."

LOVE FOR BRAZIL

He left a letter, explaining the suicide pact, addressed to Claudio de Souza, president of the Pen Club of Brazil:

"Before I depart from life by my own free will, I want to pay this homage to the marvellous country—Brazil—which so hospitably received me.

"Each day I spent here, I loved this country more and in no other could I have had such hopes of reconstructing my life.

"ENERGY EXHAUSTED"

"After I saw the country of my own language fall, and my spiritual land—Europe—destroying itself, and as I reach the age of 60, it would require immense strength to reconstruct my life and my energy is exhausted by long years of peregrination as one without a country.

"Therefore, I believe it is time to end a life which was dedicated only to spiritual work, considering human liberty and my own as the greatest wealth in the world.

"I leave an affectionate good-bye to all my friends."

Zweig already had delivered to the publishers his latest manuscript, "Garibaldi", and was engaged in writing his autobiography."

FLED AUSTRIA IN 1938

Zweig fled Austria when Adolf Hitler's troops entered in 1938. His books immediately were burned in Nazi-organized public demonstrations.

From England the author went to New York, where his play, "Jeremiah," was produced. He came to Brazil the next year.

He established a residence here and was reported seeking Brazilian citizenship.

Among his works were "Conqueror of the Seas," the story of Magellan; and biographies of Marie Antoinette, Romain Rolland and Mary, Queen of Scots.

HIS GREAT WORKS

Zweig was born in Vienna. There, with such contemporaries as Arthur Schnitzler, Herman Bahr, Hugo von Hoffmanstahl, Rainer Marion Rilke and Jakob Wasserman, he launched himself upon the literary career which was to bring him fame.

He was one of the really great biographers of all times. About his "Marie Antoinette," the magnificent portrait of France's tragic Queen who dies under the guillotine's knife, Alexander Woolcott wrote: ".....A superb book, inexorable in its justice, completely persuasive on every moot point, magnificently clarifying ... It is irresistable. The best book on the Revolution, I have read....."

His other biographies come to mind.....Erasmus of Rotterdam... the swift unforgettable drama of a man who stood alone in a tumultuous age.....the revealing story of a fascinating, far seeing individualist who exerted immeasurable influence on European history...

His "Mary Queen of Scotland" about which the 'New York Times' had written that it was Zweig's most dramatic and poignant work.

All these and many more portraits come before us when we read of Zweig's life and his suicide as an exile thousands of miles away from his homeland, the city where he was born but which Nazis captured and now rule. Zweig was not only a great biographer, his fame was not that of mere literary man....he was a phenomenon....an event in history.

—Hindsa Press Service.

Then there's the one about the draftee who escaped from the guardhouse. The sentry caught the dickens from his corporal.

"Didden I tell you to put a man at every exit?"

Yeah, but this bird was smart. He left through an entrance".

Colonel Blimp Will Carry On!

—But Not As Blimp!

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Most of you know as well as I do who Colonel Blimp is, but for the sake of those who don't, I'd better explain that Colonel Blimp is a famous creation of our great cartoonist, David Low, who used this figure—shown as a bald-headed elderly fattish man with a large military moustache—to symbolise what he considered to be a stupid, old-fashioned, ultra-conservative, or reactionary point of view.

Colonel Blimp was created several years before the war, but it is during the war—and especially during these past few months—that he has been mentioned so often, and not only by speakers and writers in the Press here in Britain but by similar persons in the Dominions and United States. Thus, it has been freely said that our whole war effort has suffered from the presence, in positions of authority, of too many Colonel Blimps. It is not a figure of speech I use myself, as some of you may have noticed, just as I never use the phrase 'the old school tie'—though not long ago an angry man wrote to me to say how tired he was of my using it, which just shows how, once you are thoroughly angry, you never stop to examine the evidence.

But as we all more or less now have some idea who Colonel Blimp is, what he stands for, and even find it difficult to get away from reference to him, I think it is time I had something to say about him. And here let me add that Colonel Blimp was a man of very strong likes and dislikes, and that among his strong dislike was myself. But if he couldn't be fair to me that is no reason why I shouldn't try to be fair to him.

Revealing Story

For example, here's a story that I like, about something that happened only this week. A friend of mine is the secretary of a progressive group that sends out statements and circulars on problems of the war and the peace. Its most recent circular, which was sent out in large numbers all over the country, made a decided attack on the Blimps and had on its cover cartoon by David Low showing the funeral of Blimp. At the same time, this circular appealed for contributions to help in the group's work. Among the replies my friend the secretary received was the following: 'Thank you for your circular. Unfortunately I am one of the Blimps of Blimperdom—and I am now too old to change, but I gladly send you the enclosed cheque for ten pounds in order to help you to give me and my like a decent funeral with all possible speed, and which I trust will be enthusiastically attended by all those who have youth on their side. Good luck to you!'

Now that letter seems to me as important as it is amusing and charming. It's important because I believe it is in some respects typical. What is happening is that the Blimps are becoming aware of their Blimpishness, and are changing, or—if they feel they cannot change—are gradually retiring into the background and modifying their claims to advise and lead us.

Colonel Blimp Hits Out!

Russia Surprised The Blimps

Why are the Blimps, who so steadfastly refused to change or allow anything else to change, now at last allowing themselves to be converted or translated? Have we anti-Blimps become more persuasive? No, I don't think so. In my view, two recent sets of events in this war have done the trick, shaking the Blimps as no arguments of yours and mine could have done. The first set of events took place—and are still taking place—in Russia. The Blimps, who, of course, always had their own view of Russia and the Russians, were quite convinced that the Soviet would never hold out against the tremendous onslaught of the German armies.

But all last summer and early autumn they heard how the Red Army resisted all attempts of the Germans to destroy it, and how it exacted the maximum price in men and materials for every town captured. Then ever since they have learned how the Red Army has struck back with ever-increasing force at the invaders, compelling them to yield village after village, town after town, district after district, and also compelling the German leaders to throw in more and more reserves of men and war materials. They have also learned how the Soviet people, whom they had previously thought of as mere sullen or deluded slaves, have risen to height after height of endurance, courage, and brilliant organisation, battling and toiling day and night for the republic which they felt to be their own precious possession.

There was simply no denying these facts, and unfortunately they contradicted everything that Blimp, who is a simple soul and never very well informed, had come to believe. That made him think a bit. He didn't particularly want to think, but there was no help for it—he simply had to think. Doubts were born at last. Perhaps the fellows at the club hadn't known at all. Perhaps old So-and-so, supposed to be a bit of an authority on all this Bolshevik stuff, had been wrong all the time.

East Of Suez

Well, that was one set of events. Now we come to the other—our reverses in the Far East. Now the Blimps always thought they knew all about the Far East, because they were frequently just the chaps who went out to these places. East of Suez, you may say, was their territory. And one reason why they often wouldn't listen to the rest of us was that they felt they'd knocked about the world, knew their India, Malaya, China, and the rest, while the rest of us had merely been doing some fancy reading and writing at home. They knew all about 'natives', as they always insisted upon calling them. They knew all about yellow men, as they called them; brown men, black men. They knew all about the Empire. When Kipling cried: 'What do they know of England, who only England knows?' they all loudly applauded.

And let me say here that I've always felt that that cry of Kipling's was very mischievous. The trouble with many of the Blimps was that they themselves may have known a good deal about the Empire but often they know precious little about England herself. It was this ignorance that often made them so dangerous. Frequently they left home as young men to do duty as soldiers, commissioners, police officers, in distant parts of the Empire. When they came back on leave they returned to old haunts or to where they could best amuse themselves.

The Real Trouble

After twenty years or so of this kind of life, they would retire on pension to some pleasant rural part of this island where they could get some reasonably cheap hunting, fishing, or shooting. Generally there was nothing to take them into the industrial parts of the country, in which the majority of our people live and work. At the age of fifty or sixty many of them knew no more about industrial England than they had learned at the age of fifteen. The most gigantic social and economic transformations might be taking place and yet they would know little or nothing about them. They weren't necessarily stupid men or unsympathetic men. Nine times out of ten they got alone very well with people of all kinds with whom they were actually in contact. And they had an intense love of this country, nourished by years of exile from it. The trouble was that too often they didn't understand all that had been happening to this country and its people. They didn't know enough.

Then again, some of them couldn't help becoming disappointed because after spending years perhaps in distant tropics eagerly looking forward to their retirement in this country, they found the reality far below their expectations. They were active and probably strong-minded men, used to responsibility, and they found themselves out of employment, back in a country sometimes apt to be bad-tempered or soured. Sometimes I've felt that they deliberately didn't try to understand the way the world was going in the years before the war for fear that the reality would make them feel too uncomfortable. They hoped rather than believed that all this shouting and bullying and marching about of these Nazis would turn out to be nothing much in the end, just more German nonsense.

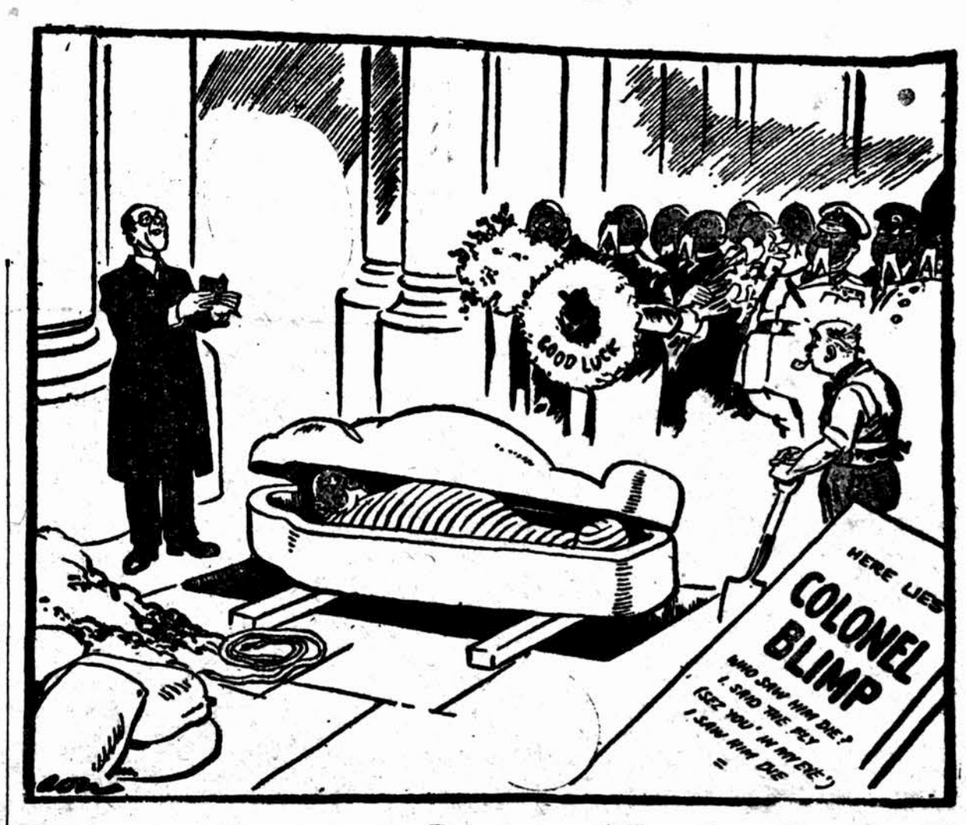
Secret Doubts

As a class this war soon hit them very hard because of the mounting taxation. It was obvious that their comfortable old life was gone, and probably gone for good. But if all this—and more—were necessary to save the country, they were ready to take it. For, you must understand, it is not the Blimps, at least as I distinguish them, who would ever want to sell out, as certain types in France were ready to sell out. For my part I would never question their genuine and very deep-seated patriotism. There was nothing wrong with their hearts. It was always their heads that were at fault. They just didn't know enough and wouldn't even try to learn.

Yet it always seemed to me that their quick anger when you hinted at all this was very significant. It suggested to my mind that beneath an apparent complacency they were already secretly disturbed by the way the world was blowing up all over the place and behaving in ways quite beyond their comprehension. It's not the absolutely cocksure man who soon gets angry if challenged, but the man who's no longer quite sure and is trying to persuade himself, as well as you, that he is.

So there Blimp was, secretly becoming more and more uncertain. And Soviet Russia gave him a surprise. Then came our reverses in the Far East, which hit him very hard because they were undoubtedly in his pet department. Events East of Suez simply weren't going to plan at all. His world really

(Continued on page 20)



Courtesy—"Evening Standard"

David Low, the famous cartoonist, told the origin of his most famous character, Colonel Blimp, in a recent broadcast: It was eight years ago. Mussolini was breathing fire, as usual; Hitler had practically announced his intentions of re-opening the first world war, and the Japanese militarists were telling themselves, in the words of their General Araki, in 1931 that they were the descendants of gods and must reign over the world. And what were we doing? We—or our statesmen representing the great majority of us—who hadn't felt the urgency of organising for peace when we had the golden chance, now that the chance was lost, seemed equally slow to organise against war. The policy of keeping the world peaceful by united economic pressure and the policy of enforcing peace by a joint army and air force representing all peace-loving nations were being discussed; but they were thought too dangerous, forsooth. We all remained complacent. Well, I went and had a Turkish bath. And as I sat hot and bothered in the steam room, listening to a couple of fat asses in their birthday suits telling one another that what Japan did was no business of Britain, I said to myself: "Low, someone ought to draw something about all this—a representation of sheer blithering blathering stupidity." So I invented Colonel Blimp.

UNHOLY WEDLOCK!

By LATA DESAI

The course of true love never runs smooth. In India it is even more beset with dangers—parental obstruction, financial pitfalls and emotional somersaults.

In this article, the author relates a number of incidents—both pathetic and amusing—which are fairly representative of the situation on the Indian marriage front.

(All names used are, of course, fictitious).

"She is gone!"

"Who?"

"Madhuri. She has run away. Left a note for me."

"Read it, child, and don't stand there staring at me like a fool."

"Dear Asha,—By the time you get this note I will be far away. Much too far to hear father's threats and advices. At last, I am taking my life in my own hands and signing on the dotted line, with Ashok. Good-bye and the best—Madhuri."

Yes, Madhuri did it and who can blame her for it? She and Asha were motherless daughters of a Gujarati banker. He sent them to school and then to college, so that they might be the first lady-graduates in his community. He even allowed them to spend six months in jail for Mother India during the last Civil Disobedience Movement. But his progressive brain stopped there. When it came to his daughters wanting to marry the men of their own choice, he not only put his foot down but stamped it!

It was in vain that Madhu begged and pleaded. He point-blank refused to give his consent and threatened to hammer her if she even met him.

On the day that Madhu came of age, she left home and married Ashok. She came back a year later with a bonny little baby and the little fellow with his toothless grin, became the pet of his grandfather. The old man could hardly bear to let him out of his sight. And yet he did not have the grace to apologise for his obstinacy which might have prevented the coming into being of this little darling.

Why Not Be Tolerant?

Why is it that parents always adopt this sort of attitude? Does it give them pleasure to refuse or is it because the youngsters dare to make their own choice, and thereby hurt the vanity of the old people? It is about time the parents adopted a more human attitude on their children's marriage front, and thereby prevent a lot of bitterness and misery and even suicides. If they cannot see eye to eye with their youngsters, why not remain indifferent instead of kicking up such a shindy. After all tastes differ, so why not be tolerant?

It is encouraging to find that more and more youngsters are taking their lives in their own hands and are the happier for it. But still there remain the sheep, who allow themselves to be sheared, and how miserable is their lot!

He Lacked Bank-Balance

She had the misfortune to fall in love with a man who lacked the bank-balance-appeal, and so he was condemned by the parents. "Where is the sense in marrying a poor man? Love, indeed! A lot of sentimental bosh I call it. You can't live on love and fresh air. When poverty comes in from one window love flies out from the other. A sensible girl should always make sure about his finances."

And so the whole family took up cudgels against him. Even those relations who seldom saw her took a keen interest in this affair. They missed no opportunity to drop in and advise her on her mis-choice. She was strictly forbidden from meeting him and threats of hammering from the father and suicide from the mother, were generously handed out to her.

He begged her to leave home and marry him immediately, but timid that she was, she kept putting him off. "Please wait just a little while longer, and I'll honestly leave home". She was praying for something to happen—she didn't know what—but nothing happened. Two years rolled by and she was still pleading with him to have patience. Then one day she received a note from him bidding her good-bye. His nerves were wearing out and this eternal waiting was heading him towards the mental hospital.

She is, to-day, all alone in the world. Her father and mother, the murderers of her happiness, have gone beyond the skies, leaving her almost penniless. Those relations who had advised her so often against her choice have thought it advisable to keep away from her now.

She is teaching other people's children. They might have been hers! And when the day is done she trudges her lonely way homewards, to her cold lone room. And if, perchance, her eyes fall on some young lovers, her heart sheds bitter tears.

Who, yes who, shall answer her suffering?

Second Marriage

"Have you heard?"

"What?"

"Ramesh has married again. Second time while the first wife is still living".

"I don't believe it".

And yet it was true, as I learnt later from Ramesh himself. After Ramesh had matriculated, his father was prepared to let him to go to college only if he got married. The alternative was the stock exchange. And for a sentimental boy like Ramesh that was a fate worse than an undesired marriage. And so in sheer desperation he consented to allow himself to be 'slaughtered'.

In college he joined some Socialist society and worked for it heart and soul. For him it meant escape from reality! But life did not allow him to escape so easily. He met Malti at one of the meetings and fell in love with her. How he fought and struggled against this feeling? But it was in vain. He made strong resolutions not to meet her again but hardly had he made them when he broke them again. Instead he invented excuses to see her. It was the same with her. The knowledge that he was already married made no difference to her, the brave little thing that she was.

He went away for some time to forget Malti. But absence only made his heart grow fonder. Her eyes haunted him day and night and his ears echoed and re-echoed the music of her voice. He came back worse than ever.

In the end they threw everything to the winds and got married. Can anyone blame them, I wonder! Is there one among us who can cast the first stone?

Love Or Luxury?

Unless it is at Ranchan who sold her soul so that her body should survive!

Ranchan and I were great pals in the first years of our college-life. It was a common practice with us to discuss every topic under the sun. Our conversation invariably flowed into channels of love and marriage. Both of us agreed that marrying for money amounted to nothing more and nothing less than prostitution, and that love could thrive and flourish even in a one-room tenement.

Ranchan fell in love with our cricket captain. Fortunately or unfortunately, he did not drive up to the college porch in a princely sedan and look round to see if the girls were admiring his latest tie from Laffans. Instead the BEST eight wheeler disgorged him morning after morning just outside the college building.

But he did not have to 'tram it' much longer. A Rich One soon hitched his wagon to the Captain's star, in plain English he became a satellite. He was one of those who could not get popular and so he had to bask in somebody else's popularity.

Thence onward Ranchan's entertainment was done on a grand scale. There would be drives and parties and Cocktail Cabarets at the Taj, ending with gala dinners at the Greens. There would be moonlight picnics and bathing at Juhu or Versova. Ranchan was very very happy and she fell more and more in love with the captain and the rich one paid more and more to make them both happy.

Then one day the rich one fell ill and went away for a month to recover his health. The captain still took Ranchan out, but she no longer looked happy. Very often I found her in tears when he left her home. She confessed they had been quarrelling.

"Why, Ranchan, what's the matter Don't you love each other any more?"

"Oh, we do. I would die without him. But nowadays he makes me sit in the tram and takes me to the matinee so that we could get concession rates. (Tears rolled down her cheeks). And he keeps on wearing the same old tie, he says it will do for the tram. It is humiliating, sometimes I hate him for humiliating me". And she flung herself on the bed and wept bitterly.

Ranchan failed that year in Inter Arts. She did not attend college for a whole year but appeared for her Inter exam as an ex-student. Ranchan was no longer a Miss. She had got married during the holidays, not to the Cricket Captain but to the Rich One.

I see her very often at Marine Drive, getting out of a beautiful car. She looks lovely in a gorgeous sari and round her throat she wears a pearl necklace. But her eyes are vacant and her shoulders stoop. Her step is dull and heavy.

Love or luxury? Do many answer the way Ranchan did? Not many, at least not Kishore and Sharda.

Two Free Souls

When they announced their intention to get the "licence to love on the premises" their parents raised Cain. The usual threat of thrashing was given to Sharda, and Kishore was threatened by his uncle to be made an outcast. Kishore ignored these threats, as he knew that his father had left him some money which his uncle, as guardian, would have to hand over now that Kishore was a major.

Poor Kishore. He didn't know this tribe called the 'guardians of the minors.' His uncle had not only squandered the money on the stock exchange but had made Kishore sign some deed, as soon as Kishore became 21, under some pretext or the other. This deed revealed that Kishore had already received his share of the property and that he had completely released his uncle and had no further claim against him.

Kishore was flabbergasted. He couldn't possibly afford to go to court now, it was so expensive. May be some years later he would settle his score with his uncle. But by that time the time limit of three years would be over. What chance did a fellow have against such odds?

So Sharda and Kishore decided to lie low for a while till he could get a job. They met secretly and wrote letters on the quiet. But the path of true love does not run smooth and some sneaks reported the matter to their respective relations. Kishore was thrown out of the house and Sharda was locked up and hammered. A college friend helped her to escape and seek protection of the police. The police authorities warned off her parents—Sharda was over age—and made arrangements for her to stay in a hostel till she got married.

If by chance you happen to pass a certain road and enter a certain building, you will find a two room flat or rather one room partitioned into two. Two chubby babies will greet you with grubby hands and grubby smiles. You will get only a cup of tea and may be morning's left over chapatties. But when you leave, your heart will be gay and your eyes will soften and your soul will be at peace with the world, because you will be carrying with you the happiness that is Kishore's and Sharda's, the happiness of two free souls!

Highest Bidder Wins

'What price husband?' is what makes or breaks many a marriage in Sind, and elsewhere too, I suppose! In a certain community in Sind the E. R.'s (England Returned) play havoc with girls' hearts(!) and their parents' purses.

Stakes run highest for an I.C.S. Parents of rival candidates sometimes fight out duels for the fair hand of the I. C. S. Take it easy, no bullets, not even swords, are used. It is a wordy warfare and money does the talking! The highest bidder, of course, wins. And even then the Wooed One can afford to turn up his nose and point out the squint in the girl's eyes, and extract ten more. (The usual 'price' of an I.C.S. is Rs. 40,000.)

And those who miss the opportunity of capturing an I.C.S. look around for a Judge. The 'price' offered is Rs. 30,000 and the girl of course. And so the 'price' runs down the ladder proportionately to the Bridegroom's position in life. Of course, compensation is always awarded whenever the bride squints, or that her nose stretches to unimagined lengths or breadths, or that her complexion runs the colour of the blackest black-out.

This system has become so scandalous that even forty rupee clerks have placed a price of Rs. 5,000 on their heads—I mean hands! The result is a foregone conclusion—daughters of poor parents cannot get married. These unmarried girls are becoming a problem for the parents who are orthodox enough to think that marriage is the only goal for a woman.

But of late years, these girls have refused to 'buy' husbands and have formed co-operative societies, which give work to many a poor girl who either can't get married, or has refused to submit to such a vicious system, which decays the body and degenerates the soul.

F. D. R.

Thrice President Of United States, He Has Always Served The People

Franklin Roosevelt is the President of the United States the freely chosen leader of 130,000,000 people. He is the first man in the history of the United States whom the people have selected to lead them not once, not twice, but three times.

Farmers, workers, professors, little business men and industrialists, doctors, teachers, miners, sailors, engineers, mothers who work in the home, women who work in the offices—all have known this man for ten years. And in ten years, you get to know much about a man.

He was born 60 years ago on January 30. Through his veins, as through the veins of his countrymen, runs the blood of many nations: Dutch blood and Swedish and German and English and French and Italian. He has lived in those countries whence his ancestors came, and he knows their languages and their people with the heart of a man who is kin to them all.

Born On A Farm

He was born on a farm in New York State, and for14 years he was taught by his father and mother; languages, English and French and German; taught how to sail, to ride, to know the ways of the forest and the farm. But he wanted most of all to go to sea.

His education was good. He went to Harvard University, one of the greatest in America. And here he said: "I am on the side of the people who fight for freedom". He was 21, and he had had freedom and a good life, and he wanted it for others.

He married young. Eleanor Roosevelt was his sixth cousin. She, too, had had a good life, and wanted it for others. They married on St. Patrick's Day in 1905. The President of the United States was at the wedding.

Serving The People

Franklin Roosevelt became a lawyer. He saw injustices around him and when he was asked to become a candidate for the Legislature of the State of New York, he said: "I accept but with absolute independence. I am pledged to no man; I am influenced by no special interests; and so I shall remain. If elected, I will give my entire time to serving the people".

He was elected, not once but twice.

In 1913, President Wilson asked him to go to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When they asked him to make a naval tour, he chose the mine-laden, dangerous waters of the North Sea.

In 1921, he was sailing on the Bay of Fundy on the north-east coast. There were heavy fogs. He took over the wheel and navigated the boat for many hours through the rocky passages. Finally they were home, but before he could make the ship fast to the wharf, he fell into the icy waters. He was chilled.

Infantile Paralysis

At home, on the island, fire was raging through the brush. Without resting, he joined his children and his neighbours and fought the fire until it was over. He was tired that night. And the next morning, he could not move his right leg and he could not move his left. He was 40. He had infantile paralysis.

But he would not say he was sick. He would not give up. Slowly, step by step, hour by hour, he learned to walk again. The doctors said it would take 15 years. It took eight. The doctors told him to rest. He worked. Eight years from the time he was stricken, he was elected Governor of the State of New York. And again two years later. The homeless were his friends. The men without jobs were his friends. The dairymen, the farmers, the workers in the mills, the men with small stores, the tax-payers—were all his friends. They were the people.

The Great Depression

In the great Depression that came upon all the lands of the world like a plague of locusts. 130,000,000 Americans reached out for the man they knew well. In 1932, they made him their President. He saw injustice and he spoke against it.

Always with the people at his side, with the freely elected men of Congress, he demanded land for the farmers, homes for the homeless, food for the hungry, conservation of the rivers and the power therefrom.

He said to 130,000,000 people: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. I assume the leadership of the great army of our people dedicated to a disciplined attack upon our common problems".

To The Aid Of The People

In 70 days, he laid his plan before the Congress of the people. In a hundred days, the laws had been passed. The Government had come to the aid of the people.

Three times the people elected him their freely chosen leader.

In Germany, Italy and Japan, men came to govern, not called on freely by their people, but enthroned by fear and hunger and guns.

Franklin Roosevelt knew what war was. He saw his four sons grown up. He knew what other fathers knew; how sweet and dear was peace—but with justice, with life and equality for all. Let the nations live in peace, he said. But let him beware who transgresses on the peace of his neighbours. And war came. The day of infamy.

185,000 Planes

To the soldiers of freedom, he promised that America would build 185,000 planes in two years. He promised that there would be 120,000 tanks, 55,000 anti-aircraft guns, 18,000,000 tons of ships. The people of America shared the food from their own land with their comrades-in-arms.

He sent his own four sons to the war. He said: "There are four freedoms to be won. The freedom of speech. The freedom from hunger. The freedom of God's worship. The freedom from fear". To this he pledged himself and his people. The people know that he does not make a pledge easily, but when he does, he keeps it. They know he believes there can be no peace for his people without peace for all people everywhere. small nations as well as large.

They know he will not rest until the common enemy of all people everywhere is destroyed; that he will not rest until the war is won and the peace thereafter.

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE BEST!

Dining In War-Time London

Dining out in London these days, or lunching either, is always an adventure, while breakfasting is usually a disappointment, especially to Americans.

There are not any eggs; sausages are made with a little meat and much meal or something akin to sawdust and it has been long since any but infants saw fruit or tomato juice. There is enough milk for tea, but the substitute paste that is used for cream is an insult even to the English coffee.

Luncheon is becoming the favourite meal for meat eaters, because then one has a reasonable chance of getting a thin slice of roast beef or perhaps two thin slices of roast mutton before the supply gives out. The trick is to get into a restaurant at lunch time; because Londoners are such sticklers for doing the accepted thing that everybody rushes off at the same hour, with the result that all the best places and some not so good are jammed at 1 p. m., especially if they are what jokingly called reasonably priced ones, writes Raymond Daniell in the "New York Times."

The unconventional late luncher just waits and settles for tea, because by 2-30 p. m. the waiters are cleaning up and preparing to close the place until dinner time.

The only way to make sure of getting luncheon is to reserve a table a couple of hours ahead, if one is planning to go to a restaurant that indulges in such niceties.

The Lyons Corner houses, the ABC restaurants, Slaters, the Quality Inn and others of the same *genre* have long waiting queues outside from 1 o'clock on. And in London to-day these queues are temptation, for they usually mean there are cigarettes or chocolates being sold at the other end.

High Prices Bar Gluttony

Even the informal little restaurants of Soho, where good food used to be obtainable at low prices, have gone in for reservations and it is no longer of any use experimenting and exploring among them. The food shortage has them all licked.

Names do not mean much any more. One can order pea soup St. Germaine, but one is more likely to get a sort of hot library paste made of potato flour, and the coquille St. Jacque may turn out to be a mess of the same stuff the soup is made of, with a couple of frazzled scallops or dried codfish.

The reason why so many people are eating in restaurants is partly because London is crowded as it never was in peacetime and because those who eat at home on rations get so much less to eat in a week than the well-heeled gourmand who stuffs himself in the better restaurants, where he does not have to give up coupons and where he can go the rounds, limited only by the amount of cash he has to spend. He cannot have a fish and meat course at the same restaurant, but he can have one here and the other there.

Prices have become a serious deterrent to gluttony, for even the cheap places have become expensive, and it is impossible to get out of the better ones at much less than £1. The Savoy charges 15s now for dinner, with an extra shilling for a demi-tasse. At Scott's the other night the writer dined expensively but not sumptuously on friend scallops. The price was 6s. for five not very big ones, served with a meager spoonful of fried potatoes. Oysters, always expensive here, now cost from 13s a dozen up, and smoked salmon, the price of which is not controlled, costs as much as 5s, or a dollar, for a thin slice.

Economic necessity is teaching Englishmen that water is fit to drink although formerly they would drink all sorts of evil-flavoured concoctions to avoid the stuff. Wine is out of the question now except for very special parties because as it grows scarcer the prices soar and the quality deteriorates by some mysterious process.

Beer An Extravagance

Beer at one shilling and eight pence a glass is an extravagance. For two shillings and six pence the writer was served a rum cocktail the other day at a modest restaurant. It was a horrid mixture of rum, prune juice and bitters, for there are no lemons any more.

This town used to be a city of late diners but serious eaters do not bother about the conventions now. A year or so ago any one who had gone to Simpson's before 6-30 o'clock would be met with raised eyebrows and the surprised stare of the waiters and might even have been turned away. Now the place is filled by 6 o'clock in the evening and those who arrive

(Continued on page 20)

INDIA IN AFGANISTAN

• Cultural Outpost Of • Hinduism & Buddhism

By DR. MONOD-HERZEN

Many people think that Afganistan is a Muslim country and nothing more. It is, of course, now a purely Muslim country, but before the 7th century it was not so. I had a great surprise when during my stay at Kabul I met Mr. J. Hackin in charge of the archaeological survey from whose discoveries it became clear that India had a very important influence in Afganistan.

Caravan route from Samarkand to Balkh from where they had to pass through Bamian to Kabul and on to India constituted a life line of trade. On the routes are found very big Buddhist monasteries, one of them big enough to accommodate 5,000 people, built half in the mountain and half outside. At Bamian can also be found two colossal images of Buddha and one of them is nearly 150 ft. high, the highest carved figure of Buddha in the world.

Greco-Indian Influence

In Kabul itself there are evidences of strong Indian influence and also influence coming from Greece. It is Afganistan where the impact of Greecian and Indian art took place giving birth to what is known as Greco-Indian art. Although it is in Gandhara that we meet with evidences, the art was born in Afganistan where the roads from the East and the West met. In a monastery near Kabul, about 12 miles from the city are found treasures of king Kanishka, a king who was not only tolerant but greatly loved different faiths. His ideas and respect for other religions are made manifest from the study of the coins struck in his time. On his coins he is depicted as sitting on one side and on the other in some coins the God Shiva, in some coins the solar god of the Greeks and in others the Buddha.

Priceless Treasure

I was in Kabul when the excavations brought this to light. In a small room, some five yards square, the door blocked by stones, was discovered treasures from all lands, crammed into the room. In this room were found ivory coming from India—the oldest of its type known, some 2 centuries before Christ and in perfect condition. On them are carved in a fine manner six tableaux, representing the life of a rich lady, dressing her hair, playing with the parrot and so on. In the same room are found glasses from Syria, medallions in plaster and bronze from Greece etc. There are also lacquer bowls from China, and all these were perhaps brought by ambassadors of different countries as presents. Afghanistan was very civilised at that time. In India flourished Hinduism and Buddhism and when the latter changed to its Mahayana form, its influence passed on to the West through Afganistan during the 2nd and 3rd century after Christ, and as it passed from its land of birth, spreading in all directions, it became more ornate. The story of the Greco-Buddhist art, however, did not stop here, but the product of the blending spread far and wide.

India is not a conquering country in the military sense of the word but her influence is so great that she can well be reckoned a conquering country. To the East of India in the Eastern Archepelago, to the islands of Java, Bali and Sumatra spread the cultural conquests of Hinduism. Steeped as we are to-day in a grim story of slaughter and conquest, we see how India's conquest has not only been humane but also enlightening.

Cultural Conquest

From Afganistan where influences from East and West came in contact, a big commencial road to China was running through the strip of Afganistan lying to the north of India. Along this ancient road traces of Indian culture can still be found. All this shows how a country can have a great power not through her militia but her cultural acquisitions. On the side of a lake near Paghanan there is a big rock on which you find printed images of Hanuman and Rama, and this you see still to this day for the Hindus passing that way worship them and they are re-painted every year. Not only in the past but even to-day traces of Hindu culture persist although Afganistan is a Muslim country. You find Hindus still there as money-lenders and the Afghans trust them and prefer to borrow money from them. There are some villages full of Hindus who are not molested for their faith, although they are not allowed to have temples outside. Nevertheless no restrictions are imposed on having a temple inside the house. There are Jews and Christians and in a private house can be found a church, a synagogue and a temple. Although the Afghans are fanatical to a certain extent, yet they are tolerent to other religions. During my stay of about four years I never heard of single Jew or Hindu being molested for religious reasons.

Impact Of Buddhism

The Buddhism that went from India built monasteries not only for monks but for travellers. They were like land-marks visible along the route and helped a traveller to travel from monastery to monastery. The ruins of these monasteries and Stupas are still visible and serve as land-marks. All along the road from India to Samarkand the ruins of these monasteries are visible.

In Afganistan the strongest influence of Buddhim extended from 2nd century B. C. to 2nd century A. D. From the 5th century came in a wave of Iranian influence and the so-called Central Asian Art was born out of this impact. These are beautiful in pattern spirit and design and spread in China and Turkistan. Then came the Muslim and during that period there was not much progress in art, but, nevertheless, during the time of Md. Gazni a revival came with the painters of Herat and after that all finished. The reason is that in Afganistan the people were divided in groups and parties and all their energies were spent in fighting. There have arisen hundreds of kings from different tribes who fought a lot and did nothing else. From this we learn a double lesson. We see how India went and spread her culture; while the Afghans, though a great people, lost all because of fighting and militarism. This is happening to-day in front of us. Great things that have been achieved are being destroyed and lost. But perhaps this is a natural phenomenon, for civilizations rise and fall. We cannot imitate the past but have to create something that is perfectly adapted not only to the country but to the time.

Those of you who are young and will outlive this war will serve as a bridge between now and the future, to hand down to the rising generation the best of what we have received and created so that they can form a civilisation of a standard comparable with tradition, progress and the genius.

Several important questions pertaining to education, dances and theatres actually existing in Afganistan were then asked. It was revealed that a great deal of difficulty had to be faced on account of the necessity to learn Arabic, Persian, Pastu, French, German and English. This should give India a lesson. There were good poets in Afganistan and also good male dancers found between Kabul and Kandahar who did 'military' dances. There were no theatres proper, but cinemas existed where foreign films and films from India were shown.

(Digest of a lecture delivered at the Uday Shankar Art Centre, Almorah.)

ADS AND ENDS

Adventure And Humour In Personal Column

For barter or sale: My gorgeous parrot, Micawber, a truly depraved bird, whose plumage and command of profanity are miracles. Physically, I am allergic to Micawber—he fans my asthma—but psychically, Micawber is a man's bird to his tail feathers. Those with sensitive maiden aunts should not apply. What am I offered? Yankee Collector.

The Asthmatic Yankee who placed this colorful ad in the Personal Column of "The Saturday Review of Literature" received 26 answers and swapped his blasphemous bird for a performing honey bear. The swappee, it turned out, was a retired sea captain whose old ears were fairly aching for the caress of parrot profanity!

For a decade, the Personal Column of "The Saturday Review of Literature" has been an informal and imaginative clearinghouse for all manner of goods, services and 'wants'—especially those connected with the hunger for companionship. The fun began in 1933 when Louis Untermeyer, the poet, came back from Sardinia with a brace of donkeys, writes Henry Morton Robinson in "Advertising And Selling". He was contemplating a future for himself as a donkey-breeder, but one of the animals died. Untermeyer decided to offer the other for sale in "The Saturday Review". Surprisingly enough, he sold his little beast at a good figure, and thereupon sounded off in public to the effect that the SRL Personal Column was a mighty handy place to dispose of odd wares.

Good Response

Since then the column has become a cross between an Agony Corner and an Opportunity Shop, where strangers may scale the conventional barriers that stand between them. The ads themselves tell the story better than any commentary.

Square-shooting but rather homespun southern gentleman desires to have corners polished by charming Yankee.

Will out-of-doors man write city-bound girl describing dogwood and other spring things?

Idealist steeped in the beauty of poetry and music, would correspond with those who cling to their faith in humanity.

Every yearning advertisement brings from a dozen to 150 responses. Who could resist the following?

Is there a young woman, unblighted by civilization, natively sensitive, responsive, freed of inhibitions, complexes, and withal highly articulate? She is sought for. Object: collaboration, literary character, with working author. David.

This proved so magnetic to feminine readers that David received 50 replies, found the precise shade of collaborator he sought, and made half a dozen lasting friendships. Not a bad return on an ad costing 10 cents a word.

Spring Appeal

"Redhead" (masculine) sought letters from "a sweet, deep thing" and got 45 of the sweetest and deepest—12 of them by special delivery and air mail. There was the lass who, "totally bewitched by the theater signals anyone similarly afflicted to revel or commiserate by correspondence". Her wigwagging attracted so much attention that she didn't have to buy a theater ticket for the rest of the winter.

The personals are always intimate and cozy, but when spring comes down the lane they get really heady. Last April this notice appeared:

'Tis Spring! What Rose-in-hand will toss a petal into the cup of old Khayyam?

Not all the ads are romantic. Witness this dream-shattering announcement:

Roger: How can I forward your toupee in time for interview, if I haven't any forwarding address? Anyway, I've sent it to General Delivery, St. Louis. Bernice.

Commercial advertisers selling unusual wares find that the column is combed by a discerning clientele. Among these advertisers are a Florida man who sells sea shells, the manufacturer of an antisnoring device, and a Mayflower descendant who offers plum puddings made from a Plymouth Rock recipe.

A refugee with an adventurous appetite offered this ad:

English lady will exchange recipe of a really good steak-and-kidney pudding for excellent recipe for New England fish chowder.

Censorship

She received 43 replies, including one from a bachelor gourmet who offered after some genteel dickering to cook chowder for her if she would whip up a toothsome steak-and-kidney pie. This culinary meeting of minds developed into a hands-across-the-stove international friendship.

Personal services such as typing and tutoring are exchanged for everything from an edition of Boccaccio to a set of retreaded tires. Here's one with an unconventional snapper:

Spring clean that desk, clean up that mess. New York secretary will exchange one week's work for fare and fresh air.

(Continued on Page 18)

EGYPT'S SHADOWS OVER CAUCASUS

A Week Of War

By N. G. Jog

JUNE, 3.

"I confess", observed Mr. Churchill while replying to the debate on the motion of no confidence, "I find it very difficult to concentrate my thoughts on this debate and withdraw them from the tremendous and most critical battle now raging in Egypt."

Many of us must have shared this feeling. True, the occasion was a very serious one. For the first time the Prime Minister was faced with a straight vote of censure, which was supported by one of his own late colleagues in the War Cabinet—Mr. Arthur Greenwood. There has been an undercurrent of impatience and even unrest noticeable of late in Britain and elsewhere regarding the course of the war. Apart from all this, there is always the appeal inherent in such debates in the Mother of Parliaments.

In spite of all this, it appeared to me to be a weary, stale, flat and unprofitable performance. Mr. Churchill won hands down—the result of the debate was never in doubt. Nor was there any new light shed on any of those unfortunate happenings which ostensibly provoked the censure motion. Most of the facts detailed by the Prime Minister could be gathered in the main by a critical observer of the Libyan situation.

Air Of Unreality

Finally, those twenty-five honourable gentlemen who voted for the censure motion, know perfectly well that there is no likely alternative for the present Government even if it had been proved guilty of all the sins of omission and commission laid at its door. Above all notwithstanding the long series of reverses and frustrations of the last two years and two months the British people have not lost their faith in Mr. Churchill.

All this gave an air of unreality to the debate Nay, this futile exhibition annoyed one, even made one angry. One's eyes were centred on the approaches of Alexandria while one's ears were assailed by the cacophony of a few captious critics. The fate of the Churchill Cabinet is after all a minor, a trivial affair compared with the life-and-death struggle that is at present being waged around El Alamein. To quote Mr. Churchill again "We are at this moment in the presence of a recession of our hopes and prospect in the Middle East and the Mediterranean unequalled since the fall of France." Any further setback to British arms would result in a catastrophe of the greatest magnitude. The fall of Alexandria, for example, would veritably sound as a crack of doom.

The latest news from the Egyptian front is not unsatisfactory—one can speak only in negative terms after the bitter experience of the last few weeks. General Rommel may not yet be firmly held but he is at any rate temporarily halted near El Alamein—which is no little consolation after the non-stop dash he has made ever since the capture of Tobruk. It is said that the bulk of Rommel's armour is still intact, though the problem of reinforcements must be becoming rather difficult for him

Tanks v. Planes

In this respect at any rate the Eighth Army is far better situated though one wonders whether any reserves are yet left undrawn There are, of course, the Ninth and Tenth Armies garrisoned in Syria, Iran, etc., but it is a moot point whether reinforcements can be rushed from there in time—every hour counts at present. The fact that a New Zealand Division is already in the fray gives some hope, however, that help is rapidly on the way.

Obviously the most reassuring factor at present is the air superiority which General Auchinleck commands. It is true that the Afrika Korps has so far got the better of the British air arm, but now that its lines of communication are being stretched so far, it provides so many more targets to the R.A.F.

In a sense the Battle of Egypt has resolved itself into a tank versus plane fight. The Eighth Army has little armour left to oppose the 'Panzers' and it has to rely both for offensive and defensive on its air arm. Right valiantly is the R.A.F. discharging these onerous duties. It is, indeed, playing as heroic a part in the Battle of Egypt as it did in the Battle of Britain two years ago. The R.A.F. boys have gone berserk, said a picturesque report from the front. If they succeed in saving Egypt—as they seem determined to do—they would have earned over again that epic encomium "Never in the field of human endeavour was so much owed by so many to so few."

Touch Wood!

The only consolation a commentator has regarding the present situation is that the suspense cannot continue for long. Within a few days, perhaps even by the time these lines are in print, Rommel will have either entered Alexandria—or shot his bolt! One must face the former fearful probability unflinchingly now; but the latter, too, is a distinct possibility. And in desert warfare, if an army is decisively stemm it has no other option but to retire back with all the speed it can command. Wavell, Auchinleck and Rommel himself have been through such a disconcerting experience and it would be a cheerful occupation to estimate how far would Rommel be pushed back again if he is firmly held up around El Alamein, that is to say.

Not much!—I am afraid. For it is obvious that the Eighth Army has taken a terrible hammering and it is in no position to press its pursuit. It will have to spend a good many days licking its wounds. How exactly it got into the ambush which decimated its strength from 300 to 70 tanks in one fell blow is wrapped in mystery. This grievous tactical blunder seems to have been at the root of all subsequent misfortunes, though the sudden surrender of Tobruk is another incomprehensible feature. Churchill and even Auchinleck seem to have been staggered by this unexpected fall

Field-Marshal Rommel is certainly entitled to the bouquets that he is receiving from friend and foe for his intrepidity and resourcefulness, but I believe that he has been helped considerably by some bungling in the Allied camp. I view the events of the last few weeks as purely a military disaster and "the central direction of the war" (which was the ground of the censure motion) has emphatically nothing to do with it Singapore and Rangoon were certainly lost by the shortsighted policy followed by Whitehall in the Far East but Tobruk is a different matter altogether

Most Disappointing Factor

Indeed in a sense, Singapore and Rangoon were lost so that Tobruk and Alexandria should be saved as the following striking figures given by Churchill about the supplies sent to the Middle East reveal:—more than 950,000 men, 4,500 tanks 6,000 aircraft, nearly 5,000 pieces of artillery, 50,000 machine-guns and over 100,000 mechanical vehicles It is only fair to add, however, that all these men and arms are spread all over the Middle and Near East—from Iran to Abyssinia and from Libya to Madagascar. Naturally what matters at the crucial moment is not what you can draw upon at leisure but what you can throw in the fray at once.

Personally to me the most disappointing fact in Churchill's speech was his lack of any reference to the opening of a second front, for the discussion of which he was presumed to have gone to Washington. His studied silence over this issue is, however, understandable against the dismal background of Libya. It would have been foolhardy to talk of opening new fronts when the old ones were being thrown away by his Commanders in the field—after all it is upon them that the actual business of leading their men to victory ultimately depends! The reverses of the Eighth Army have not merely imperilled Africa and Asia; they have also inevitably postponed the prospects of an invasion of Europe.

Tributes To Sebastopol

Events in Egypt would have been a sufficient dose of misfortune for one week. Unfortunately there is the fall of Sebastopol, too, to aggravate the Allied situation Sebastopol has no doubt been occupied by the enemy but it causes no dismay, leaves no bitter taste in one's mouth as Tobruk or Singapore did. On the contrary it uplifts one's heart, makes one the more confident about the final success of the Russian people. Hour by hour, inch by inch it was defended not merely by the Red Army but by its civilian population, too, by men and women who fought with a rifle or hand grenade street by street, house by house.

A hundred thousand German soldiers lie dead before the gates of Sebastopol—a terrible price to pay for the capture of a long isolated city One has only to contrast the whoops of joy coming over the German radio after the fall of Tobruk and the spontaneous tributes paid to the heroic garrison of Sebastopol to realise the difference between the two defeats. The prolonged defence of the Crimean naval base and the earlier offensive of Marshal Timoshenko at Kharkov have upset the summer programme of Hitler.

Just at present heavy fighting is taking place at Kursk, 120 miles north of Kharkov But now that they have cleared Crimea, the German High Command will lose no time in launching an all-out attack upon Caucasia by land and sea. They have only four months of campaigning weather left to them and they will have to fight with an eye on the calendar, after the disastrous experience of the last year.

The Red Army will, therefore, be hard put to it to resist the threatening tide of the Wehrmacht. It can rely upon its own powers of endurance and recuperation but it is also dependant to a large extent now upon Britain holding its bastions in the Middle and Near East.

Egypt is thus casting its shadows over the Caucasus. Unless Auchinleck succeeds soon in holding Rommel, the war will pass into its most grave phase.

RODOFEN

Highly Concentrated Dental Cream

FOR STRONG, SPARKLING SET OF TEETH

Free from Inert Loading or any harmful materials

BENGAL CHEMICAL
CALCUTTA : : BOMBAY
Agents.,
ORIENT DRUG AGENCY
Princess Street, Bombay 2

GONORRHOEA CURED

OLD or NEW—cured Guaranteedly. MEDICINE CHARGES ON CURE:—Time—9 to 12 a.m. and 5 to 8 p.m. Sunday: 9 to 12 a.m. only:

Visit Personally.
SANYASI DAVAKHANA (Regd.)
Near Prarthana Samaj Tram Junction, Sandhurst Road, Opp. Central Bank. Bombay 4.

FREE

Send -/4/- stamps first to get the miraculously effective medicines of any Sexual Disorder free for trial to get fully convinced of their action before spending and avoid deception as at other places For secret details send -/2/- stamps for the book 'Sexual Guide" (110 pages).

KAVIRAJ KHAZAN CHAND, B.A.
Famous Sex Specialist & Gold Medalist
Chamberlain Road. Lahore. 'Phone 4846

WAIT FOR ME SIS. IF NOVUM ENDS DELAY THEN I'M FOR NOVUM EVERY TIME - HOORAY FOR NOVUM!
HEY LADIES, LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT HERE— NOVUM - THE MOST WONDERFUL BLESSING FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER LIKE I DO. OFTEN EFFECTIVE IN 24 HOURS TOO!
YOU CAN'T TELL ME ABOUT NOVUM. I'M A NOVUM FAN ALREADY.
MY DAUGHTERS BLESS THE DAY I INTRODUCED THEM TO NOVUM THEY ARE CARE-FREE WOMEN NOW.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? AH I SEE! ANOTHER NOVUM MIRACLE CURE NOVUM NEVER FAILS. I SAY "END DELAY THE NOVUM WAY"
THIS MAGIC LITTLE NOVUM BOTTLE MAKES THE WOMEN MERRY!
WHEN NATURE FORGETS START WITH NOVUM!
NOVUM

Hey Ladies, have you heard about "NOVUM"! If you have not, then it is high time you did. It gives you the freedom from distressing delays and irregularities. Life to-day calls for NOVUM! Keep a bottle always handy. Price: Rs. 12/8 per bottle of 21 capsules Rs. 21/- per bottle of 63 extra strong tablets.

WARNING: As all the ingredients of NOVUM possess the clinical repute of bringing back the suppressed menses, it must not be used when there is even the slightest suspicion of pregnancy without first consulting a qualified physician.

FREE BOOK: "Health & Vitality". About 400 pages and 200 illustrations. Explains every thing a modern woman should know. Send As. 8 Money Order (no stamps) to defray actual postage, etc. on this gorgeously illustrated big book.

HERING & KENT, REAY HOUSE, OPP. LLOYDS BANK, HORNBY RD. BOMBAY.

OUR TABULATED ADLETS

1 Anna Per Word Minimum Re. 1

CHHOTA CHHOTA ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted in these Columns on cash payment only and are charged at the rate of ONE ANNA per word Minimum charge is fixed at Re. 1 for 16 words Numericals (up to 10 figures) and Abbreviations are to be counted as complete words

SPECIAL REDUCTION in our scheduled rate of one anna per word will be allowed until further notice at the rate of 25 p.c on all CASH PAYMENTS provided the same Adlet is to appear for three times or more in a week. The complete week to be calculated from Monday to Sunday

STILL ONE MORE FACILITY is offered to our Adletisers Tabulated Adlets that appear in the "BOMBAY CHRONICLE" if repeated the same evening in the "BOMBAY SENTINEL" will be charged for the "SENTINEL" at half anna per word per insertion without any further reduction whatsoever.

ADLETS OF PRIVATE NATURE are inserted with Box Numbers and in such cases the six words —Box No. (——), "The Bombay Chronicle",—must be paid for. The management reserves the right to revise any Adlet or refuse publication without assigning any reason for doing so.

BLOCK LETTERED OR TYPEWRITTEN Adlets will ensure correct insertion. No responsibility for any mistake, oversight, misprint, etc., will be accepted by the Management. Replies to the Adlets should be sent for often to avoid heavy congestion at our office.

141 EDUCATIONAL ADLETS

The Civil Engineering School, Lucknow (Government recognised) Candidates for admission to overseer class session July, 1942 to apply now. Examinations conducted and certificates awarded by the U. P. Government. Best results for last two years. Ample employment facilities in P.W.D., Local Boards, M.E.S., Railways, and States in India. Minimum qualification Matriculation with Mathematics. Free prospectus from the Principal. (8410)

College of Dentistry Recognized by Sind Government Session begins July 15th. Admission open to Matriculates. For Prospectus apply, Principal, Dr. M. K. Patel, D.D.S., D.M.D., Hospital Road, Karachi. (8758)

191. MEDICAL ADLETS

Eye Cataract; Dimness; Cuts improves sight. Wasting time to Doctors, Hospitals. Write with stamp G. M. Makwana Malad. (16345)

347. LOAN & MORTGAGES

Land Lord and Property owners— Loans can be had on Immovable Properties at a low rate of interest and especially on Free hold Properties. Kindly apply to Box No. 16269A, "Bombay Chronicle".

348. ESTATES & PROPERTIES

Plots are for Sale at Dadar, opp. to Railway Station Freehold Land also at Poibawadi, Parel, also at Parsi Colony, Dadar. Apply Box No. 16269C, "Bombay Chronicle."

Properties for sale on good Localities new as well as old properties. Investors can apply to Box No. 16269B "Bombay Chronicle."

Auction Sales

GANDHI & CO.
GOVT. AUCTIONEERS

NOTICE

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE advertised for sale THIS DAY, SUNDAY the 5th instant at Ravi Lodge, Warden Road, has been postponed.

GANDHI & CO.

MENSO

MENSO

Brings back menstrual flow in a day, no matter why and how long suppressed. Rs. 2|- LIBERTY—safest birth control. Rs. 2|- Dr. C. Bhattacharjee, H.M.D. 40 years experienced 120, Ashutosh Mukherjee Rd. 264, Dasasswamedn Rd Benares.

8th WEEK

JANAK'S
ENTERTAINMENT HIT

RAI SAHEB

A CHHOTUBHAI DESAI PRODUCTION

Starring:
JAGDISH, KAUSHALYA
TRILOKE, RATANBAI,
GOPE and others.

Directed by S. M. YUSOOF

LAMINGTON

Daily at 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
Sat., Sun., Matinee at 1 p.m.

7th Week!

No Holiday
can be perfectly enjoyed except you See New Theatres'

'SAUGAND'

BHARATI
PAHARI
ASHIT-BARAN

Direction:
HEMCHUNDER

KRISHNA
Daily: 3, 6-15, & 9-30 p.m.
Sunday Matinee at 12 noon.

So Sensational that it Keeps You Dumbfolded

The Suspenseful Story of

TAMANNA

has impressed Bombay Cinegoers!

LAXMI Productions' Maiden Hit

TAMANNA

Starring: LEELA DESAI & JAIRAJ
with JAGDISH, K. C. DEY & others
Director: PHANI MOZUMDAR

3rd Crowded Week
ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Daily: 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
Sun., and HOLIDAYS 12-45

She Was on the I.IPS of everybody!

Now she has made her home in the hearts of all parents in Bombay!

The poor Daughter of a Rich Man

NALINI JAYAWANT
in AMAR'S

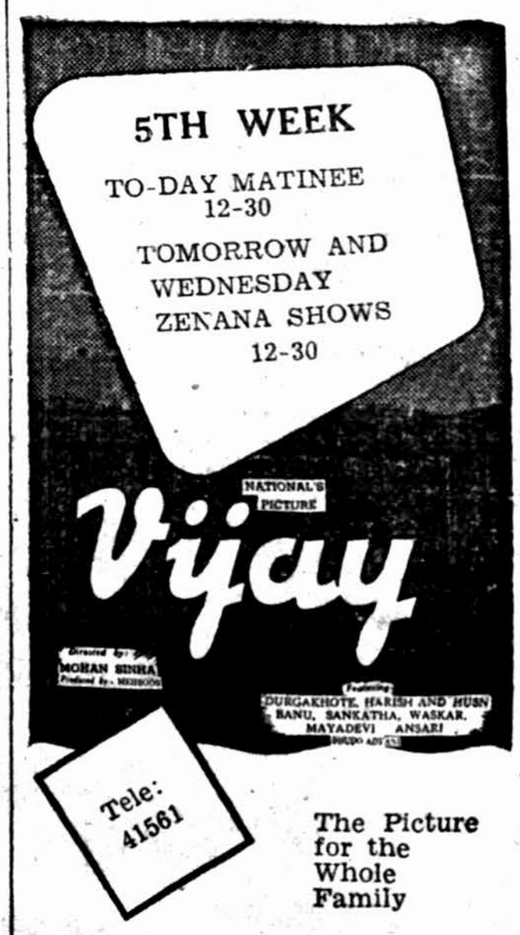
Ankh Michowli

Starring
SULOCHANA, SATISH, JILLOO
and others
Director CHOWDHARI

Full Houses Now at

IMPERIAL

Daily: 4, 7 & 10 p.m.
Sat., Sun. & Holidays 1-30 p.m.



The Picture for the Whole Family

Daily: 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 P.M.

SWASTIK

The Theatre for Luxurious Comfort

Swinging on the wings of public favour
9th Week of
PRAKASH PICTURES'
Great Musical

Station Master

with
PREM ADIB, RATNAMALA, JAGDISH, UMAKANT JEEVAN,
Daily 3-30, 6-30, 9-30
Sat., Sun., 12-45 p.m.

MINERVA

LADIES SHOW on Wednesday at 11-30 a.m. (HINDI)

23rd Week of
BHARAT MILAP
(HINDI)
BHARAT BHET
(MARATHI)
Daily 3, 6 (Hindi) & 9 p.m. (Marathi)

MAJESTIC
EVERGREEN PICTURES

To Thrill you!
To Enthrall you!!
To Entertain you!!!

'KIRTI' PICTURES' SMASHI HIT

MATA

Direction GUNJAL, Story Mohanlal Dave

Cast: SHOBHANA SAMARTH, CHANDRAKANT: MOTI, MUBARAK, URMILA DEVI, BHUDO ADVANI

ALL-INDIA PREMIERE ON

SAT. 11th July SAT.

Under The Distinguished Presidency of Mrs.
LILAVATI MUNSHI
At the Theatre Par Excellence

SWASTIK

—PATHE—CINEMA
Advance Film Exchange Release.

SOVIET BARRICADES APPROACH TO CAUCASUS

Germans Beaten Back On Kursk Front

BIGGEST TANK BATTLE IN PROGRESS

BERLIN, July 4.

The German News Agency disclosed to-day that the Russians have installed a number of batteries of guns on the small island of Kossa Tusia which lies in the middle of Kerch Straits—a strip of water separating the eastern end of the Crimea from the Caucasus.

GERMANS FORCED TO WITHDRAW

MOSCOW, July 4.

The fifth day of the German offensive at Kursk the Germans have been compelled to withdraw to their original positions leaving behind quantities of equipment, the Moscow radio said today. Soviet tanks have not only thrown back German tank attacks, but have also advanced in some sectors. The Germans who had succeeded in forcing a river crossing were compelled to fall back. A Soviet tank unit captured three villages.

Several Tank Battles

Several big tank battles are now raging along a river on the Kursk front. The Germans were thrown back across the river at one point with heavy losses in tanks, but at another point Soviet troops were obliged to withdraw to new defence lines under cover of a five-hour rearguard action fought by Soviet tanks. Fifty out of 100 German tanks were put out of action in this battle, leaving Germans too weak to follow up their attack.—Reuter.

Battle Area Extended

The area of active fighting was extended yesterday. The heaviest struggle continues on the Kursk, Byelgorod and Volchansk fronts, especially Kursk, where the German casualties yesterday were staggering. But most recent reports from the front this morning state that stubborn battles have broken out again in many sectors of the south-western Kharkov front. The Soviet defence lines here, which run somewhere east of Kupiansk, are, it is stated, being firmly held.

Biggest Clash

The biggest Soviet-German clash at the front this year is rising to greater height of intensity, says Reuter's special correspondent.

Attacking simultaneously in parallel directions on three closely neighbouring fronts—Kursk, Byelgorod and Volchansk—the German Command is throwing in division after division in order to force the issue. Big tank forces estimated at 2,000 German tanks are participating or standing ready in reserve. Masses of German bombers and fighters are supporting the ground forces.

When the first move in this offensive was made in the Kursk area last Sunday the Germans hoped confidently to break through on the first day. Frustrated in their initial hopes the German Command on Wednesday made a fresh attempt to pound a way through. Again tanks massed in groups of 150 to 200 thundered forward.

The biggest tank battle of the year developed and is still continuing.

The front from Kursk to Volchansk is now extremely fluid, many villages changing hands four or five times a day. Soviet resistance is proving very strong. In certain sector ground has been lost, but elsewhere the Germans during the past week had been forced back again. German losses in men and machines are very heavy In sectors where it is possible to count Nazi corpses, already 22,000 German dead are officially recorded and the actual to be nearly twice that. There is casualties may be safely taken no tendency here to underestimate the considerable striking force of the German army but is noted with how much greater caution the German Command is proceeding this year. German attacks now are more limited and more local. The Soviet bides its time.

According to press commentators the second front in West Europe will be the signal for closing of the pincers on Hitler's armed forces.

Battle Of Kursk

Soviet midday communique on Saturday states: "During the night of July 3rd our troops fought the enemy in the Kursk, Bielgorod and Volchansk directions. No material changes took place on other sectors of the front."

Describing operations in the Kursk direction, a supplement to the 'communique' says: "According to incomplete data, our units under the command of General Torpedov, in three days' operations, annihilated several thousand enemy troops belonging mainly to the Second Hungarian Armoured Corps. During the same period 63 German tanks were disabled or destroyed.

On another sector several more dozen tanks were destroyed and a great number of Germans annihilated.

Our air force shot down thirteen aircraft in combat."

Murmansk Active

LONDON: The Arctic port of Murmansk, where British and American convoys arrive for Russia, is not only still functioning, but increasingly active, despite the German reports that it was destroyed from the air, says the "Soviet War News." Flags of nearly all Allied countries can be seen on ships in the harbour. The port is three times as busy as in January.

The paper adds that having failed to capture Murmansk by a frontal attack the Germans declared in May that they would destroy all wharves from the air. They made dozens of raids in June, dropping hundreds of high explosive bombs and thousands of incendaries but the port continued it work without interruption.—Reuter.

Better News From Egypt

Axis Pays Big Price For "Negative Advance"

SUEZ CANAL AREA BOMBED: ALERTS IN CAIRO

CAIRO, July 4.

A 'communique' issued by the Egyptian Ministry of Interior states:

"A few bombs were dropped in the Suez Canal area last night, causing three casualties one of which was fatal. Slight damage was done to property. Other bombs fell harmlessly in the north of the delta.

Air raid warnings were sounded in Cairo and several provinces of Lower and Upper Egypt..

"NOT A BAD DAY"

"Not a bad day" for the Allies was how yesterday's fighting was summed up here today, though the result certainly was not decisive. The battle lasted throughout the day with all arms engaged. The Eighth Army attacked Field Marshal Rommel's forces wherever they could be found from all directions. By nightfall our positions at El Alamein were still holding with some of our troops engaged slightly forward of these positions.

Rommel Pays Big Price

A British War communique states: "Our forces yesterday attacked the enemy who is attempting a thrust eastwards in the El Alamein area. The Allied air forces, co-operating with the land forces on a scale unprecedented in the Middle East, hammered the enemy all day. Our troops put a number of enemy tanks out of action and captured forty guns and several hundred prisoners. Fighters shot down 16 Junkers 87's 7 Messerschmitt 109's and one Macchi 202. landing grounds, camps and roads at Sidi Barrani were attacked and 4 Messerschmitt 109's were destroyed on the ground.

The enemy continued their attacks yesterday on Malta. One Messerschmitt was shot down."

Balance-Sheet For Three Days

LONDON:—News from Libya is distinctly better. The Eighth Army has had definite success with the counter-attack yesterday, but this does not constitute a counter-offensive and exultation would be premature. Field Marshal Rommel's initiative has not yet been wrested from him, but a military spokesman to-day characterised his advance as "negative."

A summary of the last three days' operations, as seen in authoritative quarters in London, is as follows:—

On Wednesday Rommel made three attacks in the El Alamein area. The third and the strongest was made in the evening from the west with the sun in our men's eyes. It is either this or another attack that had the temporary local success which is announced by German and Italian 'communiques.' They said that their army was pursuing a defeated wreck of the British Army.

Thursday morning passed quietly. In the afternoon came another big attack, the enemy's infantry, supported by artillery, this time leading the way, apparently with the object of destroying our guns, so that his armour following could cut through unhampered. We then, counter-attacked from the south. The German armour had to be diverted to meet this counter-stroke, and could not support the infantry. The enemy's attack, therefore, failed but there was bitter fighting and both the sides were punished.

On Friday Rommel again attacked the British El Alamein positions with the result that he gained nothing, lost a number of tanks, and had forty guns and several hundred men captured.

Axis Losses Over Malta

MALTA:—An Italian fighter and a German fighter were destroyed and other fighters damaged in two raids on Malta on Thursday evening. The first was by an Axis fighter patrol and the second raid by a small number of bombers heavily escorted by fighters. The total number of planes destroyed in 24 hours ending late on Thursday evening was 9 aircraft.—Reuter.

ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE TO NATION

How America Celebrates Independence Day

WASHINGTON, July 4.

President Roosevelt in an 'Independence Day' message to the American nation says:—

"Never since it was first created in Philadelphia has this anniversary come in times so dangerous to everything for which it stands." The President points out that this Independence Day is being celebrated by turning out death-dealing tanks, planes, guns and ships and adds:

"Not to waste one hour, not to stop one shot, not to hold back one blow—that is the way to mark our great national holiday this year."

President Roosevelt speaks of "free men fighting desperately and dying to preserve the liberties and decencies of modern civilization" and adds: "This day will be a tonic and inspiration to the tough and grim men who fight for freedom in this dark hour."—Reuter.

EXODUS FROM JAPAN
Civilians Seek Refuge In North China

CHUNGKING, July 4.

Fearful of further visits by American bombers following the raid on Tokyo and other important industrial areas on April 18, over 2,00,000 Japanese civilians have emigrated to North China from Japan during the past two months, according to a report from North China. Most of the evacuees are accommodated at Taiyuan, the Capital of Shans, where the Chinese Puppet Government is forcing the Chinese to contribute towards a Japanese relief fund for Japanese.—Reuter.

COMPLETE BLACK-OUT IN CAIRO

CAIRO, July 4.

Prime Minister Nahas Pasha states that complete black-out will shortly be introduced here.

The Government is continuing to take all necessary precautions.

All Government offices were closed on Friday as it is a weekly holiday, but it is expected the Ministers will meet on Friday night to study the latest developments —Reuter.

Not Weaker Sex—But Embodiment Of Power

Sarkar Praises Role Of Women In Public Life

Urges Them To Fight Communalism Of Grossest Type

"In India, we realised long ago the dual principle of the masculine-feminine personality—"Ardhanarishwara" and what the Western civilisation has called the "weaker sex," we in India have apostrophised as "Shakti"—Power."

"I can pray for no greater blessings than this, that you may hold high the ideals of womanhood and may shape and mould the present generation and the generations yet unborn, so that society may be informed with the aesthetic, intellectual and spiritual values and the abiding spirit of beauty and goodness which indeed are the epithets of perfect womanhood."

Thus declared the Hon. Mr. N. R. Sarkar, delivering the Convocation Address of the S.N.D.T. Indian Women's University at the Sunderabai Hall on Saturday evening.

Sir Sitaram Patkar, Chancellor of the University conferred degrees on the successful candidates. This year 66 candidates passed the Bachelor of Arts examination from the University and 12 passed the examination for the degree of Proficiency in Arts.

Prominent among those present at the Convocation were Dr. Sarada Sumant Mehta, Prof D. K. Karve the Hon. Justice Mr. H. V. Divatia, Seth Govindram Seksaria and Dr Jivraj Mehta.

REPRESENTATION TO GRADUATES

Smt. Sarada Diwan, Registrar of the University read the examination report.

Sir Sitaram Patkar in the course of his opening speech gave an account of the history and progress of the University.

He announced that in order to enable the students of the University to take a sustained interest in the University, it was proposed to give the graduates representation on the Senate.

He also said that a committee had been appointed to accelerate the work of publishing additional text-books for the use of the students.

Sir Sitaram also said that the Committee appointed by the Government of Bombay to devise a scheme for increasing the standard of education imparted in the University had made its report and that the scheme will be placed before the Senate for approval and forwarded to the Government.

SYNTHESIS OF CULTURES

In the course of his Convocation Address Mr. N. R. Sarkar expressed the hope that the Indian Women's University would be able to offer a true synthesis of liberal and cultural education, on the one hand, with the training in practical subjects to fit women for their primal vocation of home-making, on the other.

"It is this synthesis," added Mr. Sarkar, "which, I strongly feel, should constitute the ideal higher education of women in India as otherwise it may lead to serious complications in our social structure of which signs are already in evidence.

ASSERTIVE FEMINISM

"Unless we are able to achieve the right synthesis, I am afraid we may also witness in this country a repetition of what has taken place in Western countries—an extremely assertive feminism leading women to try in every way to fit themselves for men's world and men's work, competition by women for men's jobs, with consequent increase in male unemployment, decrease in the number of marriages, disruption in family life and the many evils that come in its train."

Mr. Sarkar referred to the feminist movement in the foreign countries and said: "In India it is woven with the awakening of our political consciousness and the part played by women in our political movement, the courage and strength of character they have shown in cheerfully accepting incarceration and various other trials and sufferings in the country's cause, will constitute a glorious chapter in the book recording the history of our national movement."

Referring to the war which is rushing towards India's frontiers the speaker said: "In this hour of developing crisis, and if and when the call should come I have no doubt in my mind that our women folk too will stand in comradeship with our manhood in consecrated acts of courageous and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of our motherland.

Pages in Indian history bear ample witness to what heights of idealism our womanhood can rise at times of crisis.

With this glorious heritage in their blood, young women in our country too as in China, Russia and elsewhere will, I have no doubt, achieve deeds of great courage and heroism when the time comes."

TO NEW GRADUATES

Addressing the graduates who received degrees and awards at the Convocation Mr. Sarkar said: "To-day you are passing out of the University and are at the portals of life in a distracted world torn with violence and intolerance—a world which is intensely competitive and, in a measure, cruel and unrelenting.

You form the natural vanguard of an educated and enlightened womanhood to whom a distressed world would turn for solace and sustenance. For on the human and nurturing elements of the feminine principle rests much of the world's hope for happy and harmonious social progress.

Where men have striven for power and gathered the bitter fruit of discord, women, I hope, will strive for the service of humanity and peace, and impart a new moral connotation to our social attitude and action.

"The social opportunities that are opening up before you are almost unequalled in our history. But with opportunities also come responsibilities. To receive higher education upto the standard of graduation in a country where illiteracy is colossal even amongst men and where the number of women familiar with the alphabets is microscopic, is a rare privilege which you should appreciate properly. But special privileges imply special obligations—obligations to your family, to your society and to your country.

"There is one field, in which our womanhood has a special responsibility. Our civic life at present is vitiated by a spirit of intolerance, dogmatism, communalism and sectarianism of the grossest type. Women perhaps might do something towards spreading the spirit of toleration and raising the level of our civil life."—United Press.

Viceroy's Expanded Council Anti-National

Indian Merchants' Chamber's Strong Protest

"Mr. J. C. Setalvad, President, Indian Merchants' Chamber, Bombay, has issued the following statement regarding the expansion of the Viceroy's Executive Council:

'The Committee of the Indian Merchants' Chamber have been pressing emphatically, since the war began, for a settlement of all the outstanding issues between Government and the people and for Government to take such steps as would satisfy the hopes and aspirations of the people by giving freedom to the country. The step, which His Excellency, the Viceroy took, in this connection, in July 1941, by the expansion of the Executive Council did not prove at all satisfactory to this end. Since then there was the mission of Sir Stafford Cripps, and even that did not prove satisfactory or rather make matters worse, by the very limited terms of reference given to him and the interpretation which was placed upon the British Government's offer by the Government of India. The failure of the Cripps mission was disastrous to the conduct of the war for India and it is, indeed, tragically pathetic that Government have not yet realised how unfortunate was this failure.

HOPES DASHED TO PIECES

"The Committee have, since then, been entertaining hopes that a way would be found out of the impasse but the recent announcement of the further expansion of the Viceroy's Executive Council has dashed all those hopes to the ground. Representatives of the leading political parties pressed before Sir Stafford Cripps the necessity of having representatives public men, enjoying the confidence of the people, in the Executive Council, and entrusted them with fullest powers possible and Cabinet responsibility. Instead of proceeding on these lines, Government have appointed certain public men, who will not have, the Committee are afraid, any co-ordination as among themselves and also who do not belong to any major sections or parties. The Committee regret that Government have not become fully alive to the gravity of the situation in the country even at the present juncture.

WHY ENGLISHMAN?

"They would not have otherwise nominated Sir E. C. Benthal, a representative of the European commercial community as Member-in-Charge of War Transport. It has, for years, been the insistent claim of the Indian commercial community and even of certain outstanding figures in the Legislature that the portfolio of Transport should invariably be assigned to a non-official Indian, enjoying the confidence of his countrymen. In fact, no less a person than the late Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola once observed: "Give me the power to manipulate rates and freights; and I shall bring Swaraj in no time." Sir E. Benthal, again, represents a community, which has interests diametrically opposed to the interests of Indian trade, commerce and industries, and to entrust him with the portfolio of War Transport means that either Government are entirely indifferent to public opinion or deliberately careless about the interests of the country.

'The chief objective of Government, at such a juncture, should have been the expansion of the Viceroy's Executive Council on lines suggested by leaders of the main political parties to Sir Stafford Cripps, and thus to form a National Government at the Centre. The Council now formed cannot by any means be called 'National', and in certain respects may even be regarded as anti-national.

A CRUEL JOKE

Even while Government have chosen to expand the Council on their own lines, they have refrained from giving the portfolios of Finance and Home to non-official Indians, as was once definitely declared to be their object. Government have controverted the whole spirit of all the negotiation which have gone on and of all the promises made by Sir Stafford Cripps and others by retaining these two most important portfolios in European civilian hands and having four non-Indians in a Council consisting of 15 Members, over which His Excellency the Viceroy presides. The Committee are afraid that it is a cruel joke to consider these new appointments as an expansion of the Viceroy's Executive Council on *national lines.* They hope and trust that this is not going to be the last word on this question, and that even now, in the interests of joint collaboration between Great Britain and India for a successful prosecution of the war, a National Government will be formed at the Centre on lines different from those which have been recently adopted.'"

Wellington Koo Honoured By Birmingham University

LONDON, July 4.

Honorary degrees of the Doctor of Laws were to-day conferred on Doctor Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador, and Lt.-Gen. A. G. L. MacNaughton, Gen.-Officer Commanding the Canadian Expeditionary Force in Britain, at Birmingham University.

The public orator, presenting Doctor Koo, said: "The last five years have shown that China possesses countless millions of heroic souls and more great men than could ever be housed by all Universities of all countries which are still free. Fortunately we have in our midst one who can be honoured, and who unites in his own person all the virtues of his race".—Reuter.

Gloucester Leaves Ooty

OOTACAMUND, July 4.

After four days' rest here, spent quietly after a strenuous tour of the Middle East, India and Ceylon Lt. General the Duke of Gloucester left Ootacamund this morning.

His departure was announced with tom toms by the town crier and large crowds of people and school children gathered 'en route' in spite of severe monsoon weather to have a glimpse of the Royal Visitor. His Royal Highness was cheered, as he passed slowly in car.

Bengal Premier Leaves For Delhi

CALCUTTA, July 4.—The Bengal Premier, Mr. A. K. Fazlul Huq left for Delhi this evening to attend a meeting of the National Defence Council.—A. P.

City And Suburbs

LOCAL ENGAGEMENTS

To-day

Hindu: Jeth Vad 7, 1998
Muslim: Jamadi-ul-Akher 20 1361
Parsi: Behman 4, 1311
Sunrise: 6-7 a.m. Sunset: 7-18 p.m.
Hightide: 5-14, 17-26 Lowtide: 10-46, —

AMUSEMENTS OF THE DAY

REGAL—"Ride 'em Cowboy" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
NEW EMPIRE—"Ball of Fire" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
METRO—"Captains of the Clouds" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
CAPITOL—"That Night in Rio" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
EXCELSIOR—"Texas" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
NOVELTY—"Duniya-Ek-Tamasha" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1 p.m.
BROADWAY—"Khilauna" 4-45, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-30
KOHINOOR—"Andhi" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-30 p.m.
NEW WEST-END—"Khandaan" 3, 6 and 9
CITY LIGHT—"Khazanchi" 4, 6-45 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-15 p.m.
KRISHNA—"Saugand" 3 6-15 and 9-30 p.m Matinee: to-day at 12 noon.
PARADISE—"No, No, Nanette" 4, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
EDWARD—"Jungle Princess" 4, 6-30 and 10
CHITRA—"Doctor" 4, 6-45 and 9-45 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-15 p.m.
PALACE—"Hold Back The Dawn" 4, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
HIND MATA—"Apna Ghar" 4-15, 7 and 9-45 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-45
AURORA—"Tarzan's Secret Treasure" 3-30, 6-30 and 10 p.m.
SWASTIK—"Vijay" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Sunday Matinee 12-30
LAMINGTON—"Rai Saheb" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1 p.m.
MINERVA—"Station Master" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee: to-day 12-45
MAJESTIC—"Bharat Milap" 3, 6 and 9
SUPER—"Jawani-ki-Pukar" 4-15, 7 and 9-45 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-30 p.m.
CENTRAL—"Pahila Palna" 3-30, 6-15 and 9 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1 p.m.
PLAZA—"Lagna Pahave Karoon" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-30 p.m.
OPERA HOUSE—"Tamanna" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. Matinee: to-day 1-30
IMPERIAL—"Ankh-Michowli" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. Matinee: to day and to-morrow 1-30
ROXY—"Jhoola" 2-15, 5-45 and 9 p.m. Matinee: to-day 11 a.m.

BOMBAY STUDENTS' UNION: A meeting of the workers of the Bombay Students' Union will be held in the office of the Union, 38, Harvey Road, Chowpatti, to-day (Sunday), at 5-30 p.m.

ART: A public lecture has been organised by the Marwari Students Union in its Office Hall (Javer Baug), Kalbadevi Road) to-day (Sunday), at 1 p.m. Dr. Trivikram will deliver the lecture on "Art and National Efficiency".

ZIONIST YOUTH RALLY: Under the auspices of the Bombay Zionist Association (Youth and Education Dept.) a Zionist Youth Rally will be publicly held to-day (Sunday), at 5 p.m. at the Cama Oriental Institute Hall, Fort.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS: "Nature's Finer Forces" will be the subject of a public lecture, followed by questions and answers, at Jehangir Wadia Building, Opp. Flora Fountain, to-day (Sunday), at 5-15 p.m.

FIRST-AID EXAM. POSTPONED: As many of P.V.B. First Aid students from "D" Ward are engaged in Rescue Work at Churchgate the First-Aid Examination fixed up for to-day (Sunday), has been postponed to Sunday (19th inst.) at 3-30 p.m. The place of examination will be Jinnah Hall.

N. KANARA GOUD SARASWAT BRAHMAN SANGH: The Sangh will celebrate its Annual "At Home" to successful students to-day (Sunday), in the Anand Bhawan Hall, Vithalbhai Patel Road, at 3-30 p.m. The programme includes items of dance, vocal music, and instrumental music.

FOUNDLING HOME: Sir Chunilal B. Mehta will perform the opening ceremony of a Foundling Home, Orphanage and Women's Rescue Home under the auspices of the Arya Samaj Bombay at 6 p.m. to-day, (Sunday).

MEETING OF THE CIRCLE OFFICERS IN "G" WARD.

There will be meeting of all the circle officers on Sunday the 5th instant at Shivaji Park Dadar instead of 4th instant. All the Circle officers are required to be present without fail and in time.

RESCUE DEMONSTRATION.

There is a rescue demonstration on Sunday the 5th at Kings-Way Dadar at 7-15 a.m. each Circle Officer should sent only 5 volunteers from the circle who will join the rescue class to be started immediately. The volunteers (selected) should reach this Central Office at 6-45 p.m.

MARINE DRIVE TO BE CLOSED: Marine Drive from its junction with Chowpatty to its junction with Churchgate Street will be reserved for a public purpose between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. on Monday, July 6, and will be closed to all vehicular traffic during these hours.

MUSIC CONCERT: Shreemant Sayajirao Maharaj Sangeet Kalabhavan will hold a music concert to-day (Sunday), at 10-30 a.m. in the Kalabhavan Hall, at Vahidina mansion, Parel. Prof. Yeshwantrao will give vocal music programme in the attendant raginis of Malkaunsa Rag.

ANJUMAN-E-KHUDDAMUL QUARAN: Under the auspices of Anjuman-e-Khuddamul Quaran, a public meeting will be held at Habib-Building, Palagali, Near Dongri Tram Station to-day (Sunday), at 11 a.m. when a resolution will be moved to protest against Father Jone's writing. Maulana Fazal-ullah-Khan will preside.

A.R.P. & CIVIL DEFENCE: Under the auspices of the Society of Retired Parsi Officers and other Associations of sister communities, a public meeting will be held at Madrasa-e-Mohamedia, Masjid Street, Bhendi Bazar, to-day (Sunday), at 5-30 p.m. when Mr. R. Khan, A.R.P. instructor and Prof. Dr. S. M. Munshi A.R.P. medical officer will give a lecture on "Necessity of A.R.P. and Civil Defence".

THE SUBURBAN MUSIC CIRCLE, SANTA CRUZ: A concert of the above Circle will be held to-day (Sunday), at 4 p.m. (S.T.), when Prof. Ratanjanker, accompanied by Pro. Kamurao Mangeshker and Khan Saheb Rahim Bux on Tabla and Sarangi respectively will entertain the Members to Vocal Music. Mr. P. N. Chandavarker, will preside.

RAMDAS ANANDASHRAM: The monthly meeting of the Bombay Branch of Ramdas Anandashram (Kanhangad) will be held to-day (Sunday), at the Bombay Spiritual Centre Hall, Wasoodev Bhuvan, No. 2, Laburnum Road, Gamedevi, from 4 to 6 p.m. when Sri Swami Satyananda Giriji, will deliver a discourse.

MR. B. V. BODY: The members of the Santa Cruz Bridge Club entertained one of its members Mr. B. V. Mody, the newly appointed Municipal Secretary and Mrs. Mody to a dinner party at "Purohit's" in honour of Mr. Mody's elevation to the new post. Mr. Maganlal G. Desai, Secretary of the Club, in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Mody referred to Mr. Mody's qualities of head and heart.

FRIENDS OF SOVIET UNION: Mr. Sajjad Zaheer, Member of the A.I.C.C., will speak on "the Problem of Nationalities in the U.S.S.R.", to-day (Sunday), at 9-30 a.m. at the office of the Friends of the Soviet Union, Stone Building, Girgaum.
The adjourned meeting of the Executive Committee will be held to-day (Sunday), at 4 p.m. at the Girgaon office of the Society.

WIRE TO RAILWAY BOARD FOR DEARNESS ALLOWANCE: Mr. R. A. Khedgikar, Chairman of the Joint Committee of Railway Unions, has sent, to-day, the following telegram to the Railway Board:—

"June Index figure 152 still rising rapidly. Living becoming unbearable. Delay granting substantial dearness allowance responsible for serious discontent. Workers demand immediate proportionate increase and extension allowance retrospectively Request early issue favourable orders. Situation Serious."

ANTI-FASCIST TRADE UNION REPRESENTATIVES' CONFERENCE: The Bombay Provincial Committee of the Indian Federation of Labour has decided to convene, as a preliminary to the proposed Bombay Provincial Anti-Fascist Labour Conference, a Trade Union representatives' Conference of all the affiliated Unions and of such others as are willing to co-operate with the Committee in this matter, to-day (Sunday), at 5-30 p.m. (S.T.) in the Servants of India Society's Hall, Sandhurst Road. Mrs. Maniben the President of the Bombay Presidency Committee of the Federation will preside.

ANNIVERSARY OF LATE MR. B. N. SHROFF: A function in the memory of the 15th death anniversary of the late Mr. Behramshaw N. Shroff, the founder of the School of Kshnoomic Philosophy will be held at the Albless Baug, Charni Road today (Sunday). Jasan ceremony will start at 8-30 a.m. and at 10 a.m. Mr. Jehangir S. Chiniwala will give a talk on "The Philosophy of Bareshnoom the Purificatory ceremony of the Parsi Priest" Dastoorji Minocher Jamaspassana, the High Priest of the Anjuman Fire Temple will preside. The meeting is open to Parsis.

CHINA DAY CELEBRATION: "To celebrate China Day on Tuesday July 1942, two public meetings will be held that day at 6 p.m. at Damodar Hall, Parel, and Marwari Vidyalaya Hall (near Sandhurst Bridge Tram Terminus), under the joint auspices of Girni Kamgar Union Bombay Students' Union, North Bombay Students' Union, Friends of the Soviet Union and a number of other Trade Unions.
Beyond speeches and patriotic songs at both these meetings, at Damodar Hall there will be a play written and directed by Ali Sardar Jafri and at Marwari Vidyalaya Hall, there will be a play "Azad Korea" performed by the Patriotic Squad of the Bombay Students' Union and an exhibition of anti-Japanese posters about China."

ROAD INFORMATION: The Western India Automobile Association has received information from the Executive Engineer, Thana that due to heavy rains some land slides have occurred on Vada-Shirghat road and the newly constructed portion of the road in mile 8/5 has settled down by about 3 feet. The necessary steps are being taken by the P.W.D. Authorities to clear the slides and divert the traffic but in the meantime the Vada-Shirghat road is closed for vehicular traffic. Similarly, in mile 67/2 of the Bombay-Agra road the road has settled down. Repairs are taken in hand and traffic is diverted.

'QUAKE SHOCK RECORDED AT COLABA

An earthquake shock of moderate intensity at its origin about 620 miles away was recorded by the Siesmograph at the Colaba Observatory at 8 hours 23 minutes (I. S. T.) yesterday.

LATE LT. COL. H. R. CURSETJEE

We regret to announce the death of Lt.-Col. H. R. Cursetji, who expired after a brief illness at the British Military Hospital, Bangalore, on the 4th June.

The deceased was of a genial disposition, active and was respected by all ranks who came into contact with him. He joined the Army in 1914 and served for a period of 28 years.

He rendered valuable services during the last (1914-'18) War.

His death is deeply mourned by all his numerous friends and relatives who had a very high regard for him, and his loss will indeed be greatly felt by them, especially due to his premature and sudden death.

Late Lt.-Col. H. R. CURSETJEE

PRINCES' MEETING CONCLUDES

Question Of Internal Security Discussed

BOMBAY, Saturday.

The following Press "Communique" was issued:—

"The Standing Committee of Princes met again this morning under the Presidentship of His Highness the Chancellor. The main items of the Agenda which were considered at the meeting were the questions of internal security and the co-operative grouping of States for certain administrative purposes. Unanimous decisions were reached which will be taken up with the quarters concerned. The meeting concluded to-day. His Highness the Chancellor will be leaving to-morrow for Delhi to attend the meetings of the National Defence Council."

Land-Lady Acquitted

Expressing his dissatisfaction at the manner in which the subject had been handled by the Municipality, Mr. K. J. Khambatta Presidency Magistrate, Girgaum, acquitted Bai Shirinbai J. Mody, the owner of a large five storeyed building, "The Polyclinic" on New Queen's Road, who was prosecuted under Section 471 and Section 274 of the Bombay Municipal Act for refusing to provide an additional domestic water storage tank of 1,800 gallons, in accordance with a notice served on her by the Municipal Commissioner.

The facts of the case according to the judgment are that in May 1941, the Municipality received a complaint from one of the tenants Dr. T. O. Shah about the unsatisfactory nature of the water supply.

After several inspections, inquiries and reports the owner was served with a notice in October, requiring her to provide an additional water tank. She refused to do so as she considered it unreasonable, whereupon she was prosecuted.

Discussing whether the Magistrate could go behind the opinion of the Municipal Commissioner and interpose his own opinion, the Magistrate held that evidence in the case showed that there was no exercise of any discretion either by the Municipal Commissioner or the Hydraulic Engineer and that therefore, he was entitled to consider the case on merits.

After examining in detail the procedure followed in the Municipal Office before the notice was served on the defendant the Magistrate remarked:—"The only thing which appears to have happened in the office of the Municipal Commissioner is the affixing of the rubber stamp of the Commissioner's signature to the notice."

In the course of the judgment the Magistrate discussed the details of the evidence of floor space storage capacity and ancillary matters and found that the water supply was in accordance with municipal requirements.

'C. R.' Back In Madras

MADRAS, July 4.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar returned to Madras this evening by the Grand Trunk Express from Wardha.—A. P.

ON THE AIR

SUNDAY, JULY 5.

Delhi I—Programme

338.6 metres 886 kc/s.)

5 p.m. Abdul Haq. 5-30 Amir Khan of Indore. 6-30 Gauhar Sultan. 6-45 Waheed Qawwal and Party. 7 Ghazal Aur Geet. 7-15 Jawab men 7-30 Bhopali on sarangi. 7-35 It has happened. 7-40 Do Kalyanen. 8 Curdseller. 8-3 Abdul Haq 8-15 For villagers only. 9-50 Darbari on sarod. 10 Amir Khan of Indore. 10-15 Ghalib ki Ghazlen. 10-30 Ram Putli of Calcutta.

Bombay I—Programme.

244 metres (1,231 kc/s)

7-30 a.m. Bhajans, geets and ghazals. 7-50 News in Hindustani. 8 News in English. 8-10 Sangit Saubhadra. 8-50 News in Marathi. 9 News in Gujarati. 9-10 Allah Rakhi Bai. 9-25 L. D. Patil. 9-35 Kesar Bai Bandodkar.

11 Miss Shanta Apte's music 11-30 News-play (Marathi). 11-45 Khayal Duet. 12 noon Jitne Munh Utni Batn. 12-30 Vinodini Desai. 12-45 Jaltarang Solo. 12-57 News in Hindustani. 1 Ata Husain of Baroda. 1-30 News in English. 1-35 Lunch-hour music.

5 p.m. To-morrow. 5-5 Kesar Bai Bandodkar. 5-25 Allah Rakhi Bai. 5-40 News in Marathi. 5-45 News in Gujarati 5-50 Recitations from Gujarati poems. 6 News in English. 6-10 Counter-attack. 6-15 News in Hindustani 6-25 Local news and announcements. 6-30 Ata Husain. 7 D. Amel. 7-15 Allah Rakhi Bai. 7-30 Vinodini Desai. 7-45 News commentary (Hindustani). 7-50 R. N. Karkare. 8-10 News in Marathi. 8-20 News in Gujarati. 8-30 Our Universities. 8-45 News-play (Gujarati). 9 News in Hindustani. 9-15 News Commentary in Hindustani. 9-20 News in English. 9-30 BBC news relay 9-45 Listening post. 9-50 War review. 10 Symphony concert.

Bombay II—Programme

41.44 metres (7,240 kc/s.)

7-30 to 7-50 a.m. As in Bombay 1. 7-50 Abdul Karim Khan. 8 Sarinda recital. 8-10 to 8-50 As in Bombay 1. 8-50 R. N. Karkare. 9-10 to 10 As in Bombay 1.

11 to 2-25 p.m. As in Bombay 1.

5 to 7-15 As in Bombay 1. 7-15 Interval.

61.48 metres (4,880 kc/s.)

7-30 to 8-10 As in Bombay 1 8-10 Hamid Husain. 8-20 Bhajan. 8-30 to 9 As in Bombay 1. 9 Film tunes. 9-10 Miss Shanta Apte's music. 10 Ata Husain.

SHANTA APTE ON AIR: Miss Shanta Apte, the well-known film star will broadcast classical and light music, to-day (Sunday), from 11 a.m. to 11-30 a.m. and from 9-10 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Shanta Apte On The A.I.R.

Miss Shanta Apte, the well-known film star, will broadcast classical and light music for the first time from Bombay to-day (Sunday the 5th of July) from 11 A. M. to 11-30 A.M. and from 9-10 P.M. to 10 P.M.

Corporation's Contribution Towards Improvement Schemes

The Government of Bombay has invited public opinion on a proposal to reduce the contribution of the Bombay Municipal Corporation for improvement schemes to a sum equal to twice the amount of the yearly net realisations of the Corporation under general tax or payments in lieu of general tax divided by the rate fixed for the tax for the year.

Mr. Giri's Lecture

Under the joint auspices of the South Indian Association, Bombay and the Asthika Samaj Mr. V. V Giri, President of the All-India Trade Union Congress and ex-Minister for Labour, Madras, will deliver a public lecture at the Asthika Samaj Hall, Matunga, today (Sunday) at 5 p.m. (S.T.).

Closed To Vehicular Traffic On Monday

The Director of Information writes:—

Marine Drive from its junction with Chowpatty to its junction with Churchgate Street will be reserved for a public purpose between 2 p. m. and 6 p. m. on Monday, July 6, and will be closed to all vehicular traffic during these hours.

Sir Mohammed Usman For Delhi

MADRAS, July 4.—Sir Mohammed Usman left Madras this morning for Delhi. He is expected to return to Madras on July 12.—A. P.

S. I. Cotton And Hedge Contracts

MADRAS, July 4.—The Southern India Chamber of Commerce has addressed a communication to the East India Cotton Association, Bombay, to reconsider the claims of South Indian varieties of cotton like Karungani and Cambodia for purposes of tendering against hedge contracts and thus remove a disability which prevented cotton growers from getting the best price for their commodity.

The representation is made by the Chamber in connection with the proposals now under consideration of the association for revision of the terms of hedge contracts.—A. P.

U. S. BOMBERS IN ACTION

Two Lost In Offensive Raids Over Holland

LONDON, July 4.

It is officially announced that American bombers were in action for the first time over Holland. Two were lost.

Low Level Attacks

An Air Ministry "communique" states: "To-day for the first time the United States Army Air Forces have taken part in offensive operations in conjunction with the Bomber Command. In the early morning twelve Boston bombers, six of which were manned by American crews, raided enemy aerodromes in Holland. The attacks were pressed home from very low level in face of intense flak. At Hamstede and Alkmaar bombs were seen to burst on hangars, administrative buildings and dispersal points. The Valkenburg airfield was heavily machine-gunned and an enemy fighter on the ground was set on fire. Enemy patrol vessels off the Dutch coast were also attacked. Three aircraft (two manned by American crews) are missing."

Raid On East Anglia

The "communique" says: "A few enemy aircraft flew over the coastal districts of East Anglia for a short time in the small hours of this morning. Bombs dropped at one point caused some damage, but no casualties have been reported".—Reuter.

SUBMARINES ACTIVE ON E. AFRICAN COAST

Two Steamers Sunk

Lourenco Marques: Two steamers are reported to have been attacked by a submarine on Wednesday off the East African Coast. The first attack occurred off Mogincual 40 miles to the south of Mozambique. The torpedo missed and it is understood that the ship escaped. The second ship was attacked two-hundred miles to the north-east of the Rovuma river and 150 miles to the north of Port Amelia her fate is not known.—Reuter.

U. S. Army Communique From European Headquarters

LONDON, July 4.

The issue of the first communique of the United States Army from the European Headquarters of operations today (Saturday) is a notable event in the history of the Second World War, and comes appropriately enough on July 4th, America's Independence Day.

Headquarters of the European Theatre of Operation: the United States' Army, in its first communique, says "In a joint operation with the R.A.F light bombers six American air crews attacked targets in the German-occupied territory today (Saturday). Two American planes are missing. American crews flew A-20 aircraft (Bostons) in a daylight minimum altitude attack."—Reuter.

BONNEUIL-SURMARNE WORKSHOPS GUTTED

VICHY, July 4.

A big fire broke out on Friday morning in a large works at Bonneuil-Surmarne. The workshops were burned out. The damage is estimated at millions of francs.

The fire is now stated to have been due to wilful destruction. Bonneuil-Surmarne is on the outskirts of Paris.—Reuter.

CONGRESS CAMP FOR WOMEN WORKERS

MEERUT, July 4.

Mr. J. B. Kripalani, General Secretary, All-India Congress Committee, and Mrs. Sucheta Kripalani arrived here yesterday morning "en route" to Wardha.

Mrs. Kripalani met local Congress women workers in connection with a Women's Camp to be held at Meerut in the middle of this month.—A. P.

India Settlement Vital For United Nations

BRITISH LEADERS' PLEA FOR REOPENING NEGOTIATIONS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

LONDON, July 3.

Although Officialdom appears to be satisfied with the Marquess of Linlithgow's latest plan for the united war effort, many members of Parliament and other public figures obviously consider that it is futile.

Messrs. Gordon MacDonald, Richard Acland, Vernon Bartlett, Haden Guest, Creech Jones, Lord Strobolgi, Edward Thompson, Harold Laski, Kingsley Martin, Gerald Barry, Dr. Maude Royden, Brailsford, the Dean of Canterbury Miss Storm Jameson, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Sir John Maynard, Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, Leonard Barnes have jointly issued a manifesto, to-day, not sharing the Government's optimism and hoping for the end of the deadlock in India which is full of danger for India's independence and the struggle of the United Nations, which they are convinced is now more essential. They urge upon the Government that the foremost need is to take the initiative in reopening negotiations. Therefore His Majesty's Government's foremost need is through the Viceroy who must be urged to ask the leaders of Indian political thought to discuss with him the ways and means how best their political and constitutional views can be adjusted in such manner as to give an immense measure of control, which they believe is most essential in the interests of Indian independence and make definite proposals as to membership of National Government. The Viceroy should also be empowered to give assurance about his powers of veto similar to the one which was given at the time of introduction of provincial autonomy. The manifesto ends thus:

"India's struggle has become part of the struggle of United Nations. It rests with the British as the foremost Government to make another effort to ensure that Indian co-operation (which should be willing and timely) should be given in this vital front of war."

GROWING SUPPORT TO WARDHA PLAN

(From Our Correspondent)

AHMEDABAD, July 4.

It is reliably learnt from well-informed Congress circles here that the Congress Working Committee meeting at Wardha on July 6 will recommend the A. I. C. C. to accept Gandhiji again as the Generalissimo of the Congress and his plan of ensuing fight further learnt that Gandhiji discussed his scheme with various leaders of the different Provinces

All the leaders so far consulted have been from Gujarat, Bombay, U.P., Bihar, Bengal, C.P. and Orissa and they have given the assurance to stand by Gandhiji's programme. No reply has been received from Punjab, Madras and Assam leaders. Assam is likely to support Gandhiji while the Punjab and Madras will be divided into two camps viz., supporters of Rajaji and Gandhiji. However, the Working Committee is expected to endorse Mahatmaji's plan and ask the A.I.C.C. for the same.

Jawahar Meets Mahatma

WARDHAGUNJ, July 4.

Immediately after his arrival here to-night Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru accompanied by Dr. Rajendra Prasad saw Mahatma Gandhi for about one hour.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel are arriving to-morrow.—A. P.

CONGRESS PRESIDENT LEAVES FOR WARDHA

CALCUTTA, July 4.

The Congress President, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad left for Wardha by this evening's Nagpur Mail. He intends to proceed to Karachi after the Congress Working Committee meeting which begins on July 6.—A. P.

Sardar Leaves For Wardha

BOMBAY, July 4.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel left for Wardha to-day to attend the forthcoming meeting of the Congress Working Committee.—A. P.

Dr. Mahmud For Wardha

PATNA, July 4.

Dr. Syed Mahmud, ex-Minister of Education, and a member of the Congress Working Committee, is leaving for Wardha to-night to attend the forthcoming meeting of the Working Committee.—A. P.

DEATH-ROLL REACHES 54

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Two more dead bodies were unearthed from the debris of the Churchgate house collapse to-day bringing the total of the death-roll to 54.

The P.V.B. volunteers and the Rescue Squad are digging without a stop to clear the entire mass of rubble as fast as they can.

A spokesman of the P.V.B. said that at the present rate of digging they would be able to complete the job within the next three or four days.

The task of disposing of corpses found since last night has been a very trying one as they are dug up in a highly decayed state. The volunteers, however do their work most gallantly.

Three-Storied Building Collapses

BOMBAY, Saturday.

The rear portion of a three-storied building at Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy Lane off Hornby Road collapsed on Saturday morning resulting in two women being slightly injured.

But for timely warning given by a Parsi, living in an adjoining building about the impending collapse, all the tenants of the building might have been buried under the debris.

The injured women Manibai Narayanji and Sukabai Dhondi were removed to the G. T. Hospital.

The Fire Brigade, P.V.B., A.R.P. and others were immediately on the scene. Mr. Symington also visited the place.

The lane leading to the house was soon cordoned off and nobody was allowed to go near the place. The building is known as Fatmabai building.

P.V.B. FIRST ON SPOT

The P. V. B. Volunteers who got the information were the first on the scene. Later on the Fire Brigade and the A.R.P. people rushed to the spot.

The removal of debris is in progress

ALLIES BOMB RUNWAY

LONDON, July 4.

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS AUSTRALIA, July 4.

"Communique" on Saturday morning states: An Allied flight dropped heavy bombs on the runway and successfully fought off an attack by 12 "0" planes over the target area.

KOEPANG: An Allied Air unit raided an enemy aerodrome in a light attack.—Reuter.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

BY "VANGUARD".

Just imagine! Anyone who wants to enrol Congress members in Bombay has to pay a deposit of Rs. 5 before he is given an enrolment book. This automatically implies that poor people are excluded from enrolling members on their own initiative; and we all know what happens when rich persons enrol poor men: the poor vote for the rich. Poverty, with its resultant ignorance and apathy, is the basic cause why we find only rich people in Corporations and Councils, District Boards and Assemblies, Cabinets and caucuses. This is the method by which capitalism thrives.

This year, when simultaneous enrolment is done for last year also due to Satyagraha then, enrolment officers have to pay Rs. 10. This makes it almost impossible for the poor to become such officers. So, if the Congress is to be not only a poor men's organisation but also the poor men's true representative, it will have to evolve a system to do away with this deposit, e.g., signatures of two B.P.C.C. members should serve as enough security for enrolment officers. Let not Congress enrolling be, "Like the Ritz, open to all."

* * *

I was at the scene of the house-collapse during the night of the incident and the next whole day. In spite of the tragedy, it made one's heart glad to see the enormous spontaneous response coming forth from individuals, British and Indian, and the volunteers of various organisations, especially the P.V.B. It was a heartening sight to see about 150 collegians, including about 25 girls, trooping up in regular file, and rolling up their sleeves to get down to the job—even in heavy rains. I was told that hundreds of more students could have been mobilised, even from schools but they were not required. They, one and all of them, worked right down to the point of exhaustion, just as they were instructed by the A.R.P. men.

On the other hand, it made one absolutely sick to witness the bossing of some of the A.R.P. officials who did nothing but order the other volunteers about, while the poor distracted Kamati labourers were sent from pillar to post.

The A.R.P. organisation has luckily met its first real test (no longer did it have to work on make-believe damage) and it failed—before the very eyes of the general public—not only because of the "wrong numbers" in its personnel but also due to the inadequacy of equipment and resources.

Espionage Sensation

Leader Of German-American Bund Arrested

NEW YORK, July 4.

The leader of German-American Bund, Gr. Kunze who is wanted in the United States on spy charges, has been arrested at the coastal village of Boca Del Rio in Mexico. He claimed to be a German-American, and gave his name as Alfonso Graff. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation Headquarters in Newhaven (Connecticut), he admitted his identity. Finger-prints are being sent to Mexico for identification.—Reuter.

NEW DELHI, July 4.

Despite difficult weather conditions, enemy shipping in the Mayu River, near Akyab, was twice attacked by R. A. F. Blenheim aircraft yesterday, July 3, says an air headquarters "communique". Both attacks were made from low-flying levels.

In the morning, bombs were seen to burst on barges along the wharf at Kwason. *These barges were bombed and machine gunned in a second attack during the afternoon.*

All our aircraft returned safely.—A. P.

SUGAR CRISIS IN CITY

Government Assumes Control Of Movement Of Wholesale Stocks

Despite the stocks held in Bombay City, the sugar merchants have created an artificial shortage of sugar with the result that 'bonafide' consumers and customers, like hotels, canteens and industrial concerns, are finding it very difficult to obtain their supplies.

The Government of Bombay has therefore, assumed control of the movement of wholesale stocks of sugar in Bombay City and the Bombay Suburban District by issuing an order under the Defence of India Rules prohibiting all wholesale merchants in these areas from removing any sugar from their godowns or selling any sugar to retailers and others except with permission from the Government. Distribution of sugar will be controlled by a special officer who will have his headquarters at the office of the Sugar Merchants Association. There is an adequate supply of sugar for present requirements and all persons desiring to buy sugar for 'bonafide' purposes should apply to the special officer at the office of the Sugar Merchants Association for the necessary permits. Retailers will obtain their supplies from the wholesalers and will be able to meet the requirements of the public.

PENALTY FOR BREACH.

The permission to sell will be contingent on the merchant selling at the controlled prices to retailers, and

failure of any retailer to sell thereafter at controlled prices will involve the cessation of all supply of sugar to that retailer.

The Government of Bombay has also directed that, with effect from July 3, 1942, no person shall remove any consignment or parcel of sugar received at any railway station or railway goods yard or dock or bunder in the city of Bombay or in the Bombay Suburban District without a licence from the Assistant Director of Civil Supplies, Bombay.

WILHELMSTRASSE TURNS TO TURKEY

Flattery And Veiled Threat Combined To Win Over

ANKARA, July 3.

Turkey has been one of the neutrals towards which the Wilhelmstrasse has turned much of its attention recently. Axis power politics has become rampant on the Balkan Peninsula.

German diplomacy is using flattery and at the same time veiled threat to wean Turkey to its side. During recent weeks Ankara has become a city of greatest diplomatic activity and no other city in the world is so much rumour ridden as Ankara to-day.

German military leaders of high rank are crowding Sofia Hotels. German built aerodromes in the Maritza Valley of South-eastern Europe have been re-opened by hundreds of Nazis who have ceased being "tourists" and manned posts at strategic points.

The Bulgarian Government have ordered defensive measures to be completed quickly and arrangements for complete black-out of all Bulgarian cities have been made. Air raid shelters and trenches are feverishly being constructed. The reports speak of tension between Ankara and Sofia.—India Press Service.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

ANKARA, July 4.

The former Minister for National Defence M. Sefat Arikan is to be appointed Turkish Ambassador in Berlin succeeding M. Geradhi who will be recalled, according to a report here.—Reuter.

State Of Siege In Istanbul Dist. Prolonged

(From Our Correspondent.)

ANKARA, July 3.

The Medjlis passed the law prolonging the State of Siege in the Istanbul, Izmir and Thrace districts for another 6 months, as from June 23, 1942. The State of Siege was first introduced in these districts in December 1940.

PORTUGUESE STEAMER DETAINED

LISBON, July 4.

The Portuguese steamer 'Ambriz' in service transporting parcels for British war prisoners had been expected here for some days.

It is believed she is retained at Marseilles.—Reuter.

CALCUTTA, July 4.—A special fund of 100,000,000 Dollars has been allotted by the National Government of China for the relief of home-coming Overseas Chinese from the South-Western Pacific War Area, according to the latest bulletin issued by the Chinese Ministry of Information here.—A. P.

A scene from Films of India's Voice of Youth, a topical short of the All-India Students' Conference. Inset is Sajjad Zahir, a U.P. Socialist leader.

28th Week Of "Jhoola"

The Bombay Talkies' popular feature "Jhoola", starring Leela Chitnis and Ashok Kumar, supported by V. H. Desai, Mumtaz Ali, Shahzadi and other artistes, is now in its twenty-eighth week at the Roxy.

The rain does not appear to have dampened the people's partiality for this highly entertaining film.

Wadia Movietone News

Wadia Movietone, one of our leading film concerns, which produced India's first film for the world screen are now making preparations for producing another film in English. The title of the picture is "India Calling". Its cast and other details will soon be announced.

Wadias have, now, decided to produce only social pictures. As a result of this, two productions were launched last week. One of them, is directed by Mr. Kumarsen Samarth and its grand cast includes Shobhana Samarth, Shahu Modak, Mubarak, Kusum Deshpande, Karan Diwan, and other well-known artistes. The other picture, which is named "Ankh-ki-Sharm" has an equally great cast—Prithviraj, Kaushalya, Triloke, Nalini Gupte, Nayampally and others. Its director is Mr. Balwant Bhatt.

23rd WEEK OF "BHARAT MILAP"

"Bharat Milap", which enters its 23rd week at the Majestic, still remains one of the leading attractions in the city's film fare. The consensus of opinion has established it as one of the greatest and most popular mythologicals to come out of an Indian studio.

MUSICAL APPEAL OF "STATION MASTER"

Prakash Pictures' "Station Master", now in its 9th week at the Minerva, has its foundation laid on a highly dramatic romantic story.

Mr. Sh... ...g at the Chhotubhai function.

"Phir Milenge" Completed

While the applause for Minerva's mammoth historical "Sikandar" is still ringing in our ears, Director Sohrab Modi is reported to have completed "Phir Milenge", his new streamlined social with Sardar Akhtar, Sadiq Ali, Meena and K. N. Singh in the leading roles.

The story by Pt. Sudershan is rich in qualities which grip public attention and stimulate tenderest emotions. The date of its premiere and the theatre is expected to be announced very shortly.

"TARZANS SECRET TREASURE" AT AURORA

Johnny Wiessmuller again swings through the tree tops as monarch of his jungle kingdom and Maureen O'Sullivan presents the perfect jungle mate in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" at Aurora this week.

"SEVA-SADAN" IN TAMIL

Gemini Pictures' grand musical "Seva-Sadan" starring South India's Nightingale M. S. Subbalaksnmi, will be shown on Sunday morning at 10-30 a.m. at Aurora, King's Circle.

PROGRAMME AT PARADISE

Anna Neagle's new RKO Radio Picture, "No, No, Nanette" presents the vivacious star in a fast-moving tuneful romance, which is released at Paradise from Friday 3rd July to Monday 6th July. Roland Young and Richard Carlson have the leading roles.

From Tuesday 7th July to Thursday 9th July, a heart felt drama of what happens when East meets West is shown in "Cow Boy and The Lady" featuring Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon will be shown.

Sunday 5th July, Morning at 10-30 a.m. Marx Bros. Comedy "Room Service" will be the attraction

Harish in 'Vijay' at Swastik.

"KUNWARA BAP" HAILED IN DELHI

Delhi has accorded a splendid reception to Acharya Art Productions' first film "Kunwara Bap", which was released there last week.

"It is the best musical comedy we have seen", "it is screen entertainment at its best", was the consensus of opinion of those who saw it on the first day.

So does Producer-Director N. R. Acharya keep up his tradition as the maker of entertaining movies.

He is now busy in turning out "Uljhan" which is a rural romance starring Sardar Akhtar and Mazharkhan.

The picture for this Sunday morning show at Palace is "Swanne River" starring Don Ameche and Andrea Leeds

When and Why
Your Sweetheart
Would Ask You to
CLOSE YOUR EYES?

Tens of Thousands Know the Answer from "Saubhagya" Pictures'

"DUNIYA ek TAMASHA"

दुनिया एक तमाशा

THE WROLD'S A PLAY

Starring:
SARDAR AKHTAR, URMILA DEVI, GOPE

The Comedy—SENSATION and the Rage of Bombay

TO-NIGHT NON-STOP

37 Thirty-Seventh NIGHT

NOVELTY

Daily: 3-30, 6-30 9-30 p.m.
Sat., Sun., Matinee 1 p.m.

SUNDAY 10 A.M.

40 THOUSAND HORSEMEN

CALCUTTA HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL

265-66, UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA

Phone: B.B. 2654. Founded 1881.

PREMIER PUBLIC HOMOEOPATHIC COLLEGE with attached HOSPITAL of 85 BEDS to be increased to 101. Aided by CALCUTTA CORPORATION. Highly appreciated by CHIEF MINISTER VICE-CHANCELLOR, SURGEON-GENERALS and MAYORS Clinical facilities in the Indoor Wards and Outdoor Departments with up-to-date equipments. Non-Matrics not admitted. Facilities for lady students. ADMISSION GOING ON. 63RD SESSION. For prospectus and application form APPLY with SIX PICE STAMP to G. N. Sinha, M.D., Principal.

GREY HAIR.

Guliyan's Hair Dye Tree Brand.

TO DYE ONCE A MONTH ONLY A boon to ladies with long hair—no staining of skin—no smell—makes hair beautiful, black, soft, glossy, Dye penetrates through the roots, stimulates natural pigment—does not produce headache, swelling of face, cold-Rs. 9 per dozen V P extra *Agents Wanted everywhere.*

TWO GULIYAN'S STORES.

PANCHGANI via POONA, INDIA *Or in Bombay from.—Hemp & Co.,-Mom Vasram, Juma Masjid,—Abbarally, Phirozshah Mehta Road, Fort,-Perry Co., Grant Road.*

Soccer Under Monsoonish Conditions

BARE-FOOTED PLAYERS FIND THEMSELVES AT SEA!

By J. C. MAITRA

Last week football in Bombay was played under monsoonish conditions. Jupiter Pluvius, who is called the spoil-sport in sporting circles was in his element. It not only rained but poured and the lovely Cooperage was almost turned into a quagmire. Football of a high order was, of course, impossible. Nonetheless the bare-footed players were at the mercy of their booted rivals. The W.I.A.A. Staff provided the most glaring example of the futility of bare-footed play when the ground is slushy and slippery. Till they met the Y. M. C. A. last year's League Champions, on Saturday last, they had an unbeaten career this season. After winning the Nadkarni Cup and the Western India Championship, they were confidently heading towards the League Honours of the Senior Division.

CHAMPIONS GROWING STRONGER

But the Champions, who had not fared very well upto this time, sprung a surprise by giving the Automobilemen the first taste of defeat. It is true the Young Men had further augmented their strength by the inclusion of Sam Thompson, the full back, who had represented Bombay last year in the Inter-Provincial Tournament and had made a great name for himself at Calcutta and by the transferance of Atkinson to the forward line. It is also true that Lumsden and Humphreys were coming into their own with the progress of the season. But it cannot be said that the combination as a whole was of such a stout nature that the Motorists should have experienced insuperable difficulties in overpowering them under normal conditions.

LEADERS TASTE DEFEAT

There is not the least doubt that if the W. I. A. A. players had played with boots on that day they would have saved the situation. As I have repeatedly stated bare-footed style of play is a serious handicap on a wet ground. You lose your balance easily and the question of ball-control becomes a difficult problem. You cannot dodge and dribble and resort to short passing tactics with the usual felicity. Murthy and Co. found it out to their cost. There was only one alternative before them and that was to take long-range shots at the opposite goal whenever opportunities came their way, and swing about the ball as much as they could. The Motorists, however, failed to resort to these clever and indispensable tactics, with the result that they lost two valuable points.

A SALUTARY LESSON.

Not only that, they were penned in their own territory for the best part of the second half and their forwards were almost played to a stand still. But for the magnificent goal-keeping of Kadirvelu, the Motorists would have gone down by a much bigger margin than a solitary goal. This defeat has reduced their chances of winning the League Championship considerably. At the time of writing they had not played the Royal Navy yet and that was on Thursday last. If the weather conditions remained dismal, I am afraid the fate of the W.I.A.A. was likely to be dismal too. I hope Mr. Jehangir Patel and his players would take this lesson to heart and equip themselves properly for the rainy day!

POLICE LOSE VALUABLE POINT.

Although the W.I.A.A. are still heading the League Table, they have a serious challenge from the Royal Berkshire Regiment and the City Police. Both of them are just one point behind the leaders with a game in hand. The Police had a surprising set-back on Wednesday. With the ground conditions totally against the Tramwaymen, most of whom played bare-footed, the 'Cops' were held to a draw. Taking an early lead of two goals, they thought they were completely out of the woods. But they had counted without their hosts. Applying the right tactics and putting all their energy and resourcefulness in the game, they managed to level up matters in the last few minutes of the contest. This has somewhat clouded the rosy picture which the Police had set up before them.

BERKS IMPROVE

With the outbreak of the Monsoon, the 'Berks' have improved upon the quality of their play, so much so that they are now within calling distance of the Championship. At the beginning of the season Cooperage-goers thought that they were not likely to have such a chance. The Infantrymen have no outstanding player of the calibre of James at full-back and Langton and Hill in the attacking line, which their predecessors, the Welch Regiment boasted of. But they have a workmanlike team which may be depended upon to give an excellent account of themselves against any combination. Bloxhan, their left-winger, has, however, made his mark as a good marksman.

CHAMPIONSHIP IN BALANCE

Unlike the previous years, the fate of the Championship will hang in the balance till the last. As I have stated above, three teams are closely running for it. Much depends upon the matches which the Berkshires will play against the W. I. A. A. and the Police. If the soldiers win both, they will claim the title. But if they lose to the 'Cops' or the Motorists, their conquerors will carry it away. In these calculations we cannot, however exclude the claims of the holders altogether. Should they win all their remaining engagements including one against the Police, they have every chance of retaining the distinction which they so eminently gained last season.

B. E. S. T.'S MISFORTUNES

The B. E. S. T. have disappointed all their supporters by their miserable displays in the League. After they became runners-up in the two previous competitions they were expected to put up good shows in the League. But misfortune dogged their footsteps last month. Due to injury and other causes, they were not able to field their best eleven even once. With Butchi still 'hors de combat' and Alexander and Raja leaving them—the former, I understand has joined the W. I. A. A. and the latter has left the station—they are not likely to fare much better in the near future. It is said, however, that they are shortly going to have the services of some military players who are under training in their workshops. It remains to be seen how they fare when they come out.

MUSLIMS IN LUCK

The promise given by the Muslims early in the season has been slowly dissipated. Their teamwork leaves much to be desired. But they seem to possess a wonderful fund of luck which gathers points for them at every stage. Mr. Ahmed has every reason to congratulate himself and his team that despite anything outstanding in their performances, they are still able to keep pace with the leaders. Having played one game more than the Berks and the Police, they have equal number of points with them. If the spell of their luck persists, they may secure an honourable place in the Table ultimately.

There is little to be said about the other teams. None of them will have any say in the final outcome of the competition. Only thing they may do is to upset the calculations.

BOMBAY COTTON

Bombay, July 4.

Following a further rise of 14 points in New York cotton futures, the local market opened to-day at Rs. 209/8 for Broach J/A delivery and declined to Rs. 207/4 on profit-taking. At the decline there was moderate short covering and prices rallied to Rs. 208/8. The market was quietly steady with a reactionary feeling.

Later on there was active professional support and prices recovered to Rs. 212. At this level there was scattered realising and the market closed at 3 p.m. as under:

BROACH	July/August ..... Rs.	210	8	0
OOMRA	July	189	8	0
BENGAL	July	176	0	0

COTTON ROOM RATES

Bombay, July 4.

		Extra Spr-fine	Sup	Fine	FG	Good
M G	Bengal U.P. ...		180	177	174	171
M G	Punjab ...		180	177	174	171
M G	Rajputana ..		186	183	180	177
M G	Oomra No. 3	197	194	181	186	...
M G	C. P. No. 1	224	218	215	212	...
M G	C. P. No. 2	209	206	203	200	...
M G	Broach No. 2 ...		217	214	211	208
M G	Punjab-Ameri ...		307	304	301	298
M G	Surat ..		407	404	401	398
M G	Rajpipla ...		402	399	396	393
M G	Navsari .		412	409	406	403

COTTON PARITY

Broach July/August below New York July 1,069 cent points at exchange rate 331

HIGH & LOW COTTON PRICES

Bombay, July 3.

Broach July/August highest 215 1/2 lowest 208 3/4 closing 208 3/4

Oomra July highest 192 1/2 lowest 188 closing 188

Bengal July no quotation.

INDIAN COTTON FIGURES

Bombay, July 4.

RECEIPTS INTO BOMBAY.

Since 1st September.

In full-pressed Bales.

	Yesterday	This year	Last year.
Khandesh	.....	80,893	100,336
Central India	.....	30,055	144,194
Barsi and Nagar	150	53,444	120,852
Hyderabad/Gaorani	.....	18,989	48372
Berar	.....	178,011	371,294
Central Provinces	.....	87,565	76,472
Total Oomras	150	448,957	861,520
Dholeras	.....	33,233	96,438
N.-W. Provinces	...	1,425	...
Rajputana	.....	470	
Sind-Punjab	.....	414,733	5
Broach	.....	319,611	297,415
Coompta & Dharwar	.....	25,473	126,961
Western-Northern	459	29,589	97,819
Cocanada	.....	.....	239
Tinnevelly & Cambodia	.....	15,367	9,850
Arr. by road to 18th June 4(		92 500	312,133

GOLD & SILVER

Bombay, July 4.

Yesterday London gold was unchanged at £8-8-0. Dollar sterling cross rate was 4.02 1/2 to 4.03 1/2 at London and 4.03 3/4 at New York. London spot and forward silver quotations were unchanged at 23 1/2d. The market was quiet and small trade demand was satisfied by production. New York spot silver was also unchanged at 35 1/8 cents. London Bombay spot and forward silver parity was Rs. 52-10-3. The local market was quietly steady. Quotations were as under:—

GOLD

Ready	Rs.	52	2	0
Ashad		52	2	0
Sovereigns		39	6	0

SILVER

Ready		84	10	0
Ashad		84	4	0

Controlled Foodstuff Prices

Controlled and fair retail prices of articles of food-stuffs in the Bombay City published by the Controller of Prices, Bombay for the week beginning from Friday, the 3rd July 1942).

	per	paylee
Wheat Pissi or Nasik	0	9 6
Wheat Khandwa	0	10 9
Burma Rice	0	12 0
Bezwada Kusma	0	11 0
Rice Country (Bhiwandi)	0	12 6
Rice Country (Panvel)	0	11 9
	per	seer
Indian Sugar	0	5 0
	2	boxes.
Wimco matches 50 sticks	0	1 0

FAIR PRICES.

	per	paylee
Jowar Sholapur Yellow	0	7 6
Bajri Cawnpore No. 1	0	9 0
Bajri Kalpi Ordinary	0	9 0
Gram Banda	0	10 0
Turdal Cawnpore Dry No. 2	0	13 6
Turdal Surti Oiled (Superior)	1	1 0
Masur Dal Superior	0	12 6
Chana Dal No. 1	0	12 0
	per	lb.
Ghee Porbunder	1	1 0
Butter (Polsons)	1	6 0
Cocoanut Oil	0	5 9
Groundnut Oil	0	4 6
Mutton (Sheep and Goat) 1st class	0	7 0
	per	doz.
Eggs (Hen's) Graded 'Agmark'-A	0	12 0
Eggs (Hen's) Ungraded	0	11 0
	per	lb.
Pork 1st sort (Stamped ('P-1')	0	10 0
Beef 1st sort (cow-stamped C-1)	0	4 6
Potatoes (India)	0	2 6
Onions	0	0 9
	per	md.
Charcoal	0	13 6

READY COTTON QUOTATIONS

Bombay, July 4.

	Old.	Ready
Benga	.....	178/81
Berar	166-70	195/98
C. P. 1	175-80	216/18
C. P. 2	165-70	201/2
Khandesh	135-50	...
Muglai	150-55	...
Broach	150-55	213/20
Broach Low	150-55	...

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE

Bombay, July 4.

The market ruled fairly steady. Tata Deferreds were quoted slightly better at 1415 and Tata Ordinaries at 285. Bombay Dyeings ruled higher at 1235 and Indian Irons were steady at 26-8.

The following were the important quotations on the Exchange to-day:—

Tata Deferreds (1405) 1405 1415

Tata Ordinaries (283) 283 285

Tata Ordinary 285; Tata Deferred 1415; Indian Iron 26/8; Steel Corpn of Bengal 16/8; Bombay Dyeing 1235; Central India 354/6; Century 468/12; Gokak 253/2; Kohinoor 471/4; Simplex 197; Andhra Valley 1607/8; Tata Hydro 156/14; Tata Power 1475; Associated Cement 168/8; Belapur 223/12; Bombay Burma (old) 220

MONEY MARKET

Bombay, July 4.

LONDON:—

Banks buying 90 Days/St. 1/6 9/32 Two Months

Banks buying 90 Days/St 1/6 5/16 Three Months.

Banks Buying 90 Days/St 1/6 5/16 Four Months

B C Rates T T 1/5 15/16 D D 1/5 15/16

Banks selling T T 1/5 31/32 D D 1/5 31/32

Banks buying T T 1/6 1/32 D D 1/6 5/32

LONDON/NEW YORK:—

Banks selling T T Rs 332 3/4 D D Rs 332 3/4

Banks buying T T Rs 329 1/2 D D Rs 326 1/2

LONDON/MONTREAL:—

Banks selling T T Rs 302 1/2 D D 302 1/2

Banks buying T T Rs 297 3/4 D D 294 3/4

LONDON/BERNE:—

Banks selling T T Fcs 126 3/4 D D Fcs nil

Banks buying T T Fcs 131 1/2 D D Fcs nil

LONDON/STOCKHOLM

Banks selling T T K 123 D D K 123

Banks buying T T K 128 D D K 128

MEXICO/LONDON:—

Banks selling T T Rs 67.27 D D Rs 66.27

Banks buying T T Rs 63.04 D D Rs 62.04

LISBON/LONDON:—

Banks selling T T Esc 7.35 nom D D Esc 7.35 nom

Banks buying T T Esc 7.55 D D Esc 7.55

AUSTRALIA/LONDON:—

Banks selling T T 1/10 3/8 D D 1/10 3/8

Banks buying T T nil D D 1/11 3/8

Tone of Sterling Exchange:—Steady

Gold £8-8-0 Ready

New York Silver 35 1/8

London Silver 23 1/2 Ready 23 1/2 Forward

London Discounts 3 months 1 1/16 per cent

London Discounts 6 months 1 1/8 per cent

Reserve Bank Rate 3 per cent

Bank of England Rate 2 per cent

Money:—Call and 1 month not quoting

2 to 5 months 1/4 per cent

6 to 11 months 1/2 per cent

Tone:—Very easy

BOMBAY METALS

Bombay, July 4.

Yellow metal sheets ..... Rs. 118 0 0

Copper sheets ..... Rs. 146 0 0

Tone:—Steady.

PIECEGOODS & YARN QUOTATIONS

Bombay, July 3.

PIECEGOODS

	per	lb.	Rs.	a.	p.
Grey, Unbleached.—					
Longcloth (Standard quality) ...	..		1	5	3
Longcloth (Fine quality)	..		2	1	0
Shirtings	..		1	4	9
Shirtings (Vegetable Quality) ...	..		1	4	6
Leopard Cloth	..		1	4	11
Dhoties (upto 1/2" nakhi Border)	..		1	6	6
Dhoties (Calcutta 5/8" P.B.) ...	..		2	3	6
Drills	..		1	3	10
Domestics	..		1	4	9
Domestics	..		1	5	5
Salita	..		1	5	0
Chadars	..		1	5	8
White Bleached.—	per	piece			
Longcloth	..		23	8	0
Drill	..		18	4	0
Yarn.—	per	lb.			
4s (All Waste)	..		0	7	9
6 1/2s (All Waste)	..		0	8	0
8 1/2s	..		0	9	11
10 1/2s	..		0	10	8
12 1/2s	..		0	11	0
16s	..		0	14	8
20s	..		0	15	5
24s	..		0	15	11
32s	..		1	4	3
60s	..		2	3	7
80s	..		3	0	0

Trading In New Cotton Crop Months

The changes in the By-Laws of the E. I. C. A. necessitated by the proposed adoption of the Indian Cotton contract in place of Broach Oomra and Bengal hedge contracts, will be submitted for approval to a general meeting on the 14th inst. and, if then adopted trading may commence shortly.

PEPPER AND GINGER

Bombay, July 4.

Pepper ready		195	0	0
Pepper Ashad 15		189	0	0
Ginger ready		97	0	0

BOMBAY YARN QUOTATIONS

Bombay, July 4.

Yarn No. 6 1/2s August 218 October 219

Yarn No. 10 1/2s August 263 October 264

Yarn No. 20 1/2s August 366 October 370

Yarn No. 40s August 545 October 550

Quotations for 6 1/2s, 10 1/2s and 40s are nominal.

TEJI MANDI PREMIUMS

Bombay, July 4

Groundnut August		5	4	0
Castorseed September		6	8	0
Cottonseed September		2	8	0
Silver 1st settlement		3	4	0
Gold 1st settlement		2	4	0

BRITISH SOCIAL SERVICE

BRITISH SOCIAL SERVICES. By A. D. K. Owen. Published for the British Council by Longmans Green and Co., Ltd., Second Revised Edition. Pp. 48. Price 1 sh.

Despite improvements in the social and economic position of the wage-earning classes in Britain, room was left for further development. The Government and the people of Britain have gone forward with improvement planning with well-nigh perfect results. "During the last 40 years there have come into existence a whole host of new public services dealing with maternity and child welfare, the health of school children, the welfare of the blind, the mentally defective and the insane, and the economic security and well-being of the unemployed, the sick and disabled, the widowed, the orphaned and the elderly."

The expenditure on these "social services" rose from £22.5 millions in 1890-91 to £450 millions in 1936-37. "Great Britain spends considerably more than £100 millions a year in education. Every boy and girl between the ages of 5 and 14 years must receive some form of continuous education. Elementary education is provided free." Illiteracy has been virtually eliminated Due to an efficient health service, fatal diseases are kept at bay where not altogether banished; the death rate and the rate of infant mortality have been reduced; the span of expected life is steadily increasing and a marked improvement in the physique and vitality of school children is visible. Parks, recreation grounds, libraries, swimming baths are some of the facilities provided for them in addition to medical attention and care.

The fear of destitution has been abolished by means of non-contributory old age pensions, a national system of employment exchange, etc. Over 4 1/2 million new houses have been built and several hundred thousand slum houses have been demolished. Unemployment and health insurance and widows, 'Orphans' and old age contributory pension, etc., have been the principal bulwark of the working class people against poverty. A noteworthy and instructive feature is that these services are financed wholly out of public funds raised by taxation.

The author shows that but for the unpaid social worker who shoulders many a task willingly and voluntarily, the conduct and success of these services would not have been so satisfactory The book which is illustrated, makes interesting reading and provokes thought. It naturally suggests to us "the petty done, the undone vast" in the field of Indian Social Service.

N. H. P.

MAULANA MAHOMED ALI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MY LIFE: A FRAGMENT. By the late Maulana Muhammad Ali, Edited by Mr. Afzal Iqbal, M.A., and published by Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore. Pp 12 X 273. 8" X 5". Cloth bound Rs. 5-4-0

This book, the original title of which was "Islam: Kingdom of God", was written by Maulana Muhammad Ali while in jail at Karachi. But the hours of leisure he could snatch there did not prove long enough to complete an important work of this nature When therefore, he came out of the jail, he again found himself plunged into the activities of public life with the result that he could not find any time "either to revise it or to add anything to it." Maulana Muhammad Ali died on 4th January 1931. This book was written some seven years prior to his death and it is being published some twelve years after his sad demise, in exactly the same form in which it was handed over to the editor. It is being published under a new name, since it is more or less a biographical sketch and "the present contents do not justify the name which the author once intended to give it."

The book is divided into seven chapters and an appendix. The personal narrative, commencing from the very beginning of his life, ends with the famous Karachi trial. In these chapters one gets an insight into the home life of the Maulana, the influence his mother—Bi Amman—exerted over him, the advent of the English education, the birth of the "Comrade" and the "Hamdard", the beginnings of the first Great War, "the choice of the Turks," the hardships of journalism in India, the final peace and his release, the Khilafat delegation and his arrest at Waltair. It is in fact a brief history of the Musalmans during the last six or seven decades and also of the part played by the Ali Brothers in shaping the same The last chapter deals with the various sects of Islam, the four schools of Muslim law, the rise of jurists in Islam, sufism, etc., while in the appendix the learned author severely criticises some aspects of Paulnic Christianity and inter alia refutes in a very scholarly way the old allegation that the Musalmans were responsible for the destruction of the famous library at Alexandria.

It is now a long time since the public has had any occasion to read any unpublished writings from the pen of Maulana Muhammad Ali and, therefore, the publication of this book will be a great solace to all those persons who are fond of them.

A word of credit is due both to the publisher and the editor In these days of paper-scarcity it is a matter for gratification that Shaik Muhammad Ashraf undertook the work in hand and brought out a very decent edition Mr Afzal Iqbal's labour of love in ably editing this book also deserves to be fully appreciated.

It is not necessary to say anything with regard to the contents of the book or its style It is sufficient to aver that it is from the pen of Maulana Muhammad Ali and that name is its best guarantee The Maulana does full justice to everything he touches. The book is adorned with two photographs of the Maulana, one representing his youth and the other his old age. Both photographs are quite life-like and very impressive.

The general get-up is so splendid that the book appears to be the work of some English firm.

A Poet Looks At The Moon

SNAKE IN THE MOON. By P. R. Kaikini. (New Book Company, Hornby Road, Bombay. As. 12.)

This book consists of only one poem, not very long, but certainly not slight in theme or treatment. The motif of the poem, unlike the motif of Mr. Kaikini's earlier books of verse, is not clearly expressed. The poem, however, is as impassioned an expression of disillusionment and nostalgia—yet with a wider vision and a more profound understanding

His verse is sensitive and extremely evocative. His sentiments cryptic and indelible. Mr. Kaikini is one of the most promising of modern Indian poets, and in spite of his slight output can stand comparison with the more prominent of the younger English poets—Auden, McNeice Lewis and Spender.

But I would like to suggest to Mr. Kaikini that he should avoid straining after brilliance with such pointless adjectives as 'deliberate delirium', 'alien garbage', 'headless trunks and trunkless heads,' 'inveterate, invisible make'. And also what seems to me such deliberate obscurities as 'the brilliant, festering carpet.' Nor do I think it adds to the effect or the significance of the poem to interpolate such seemingly brilliant images as 'Camel in the needle's eye,' 'Rat in the dustbin' or 'Black and windy rock moving.'

A. CHANDRAPAL.

A BIOGRAPHY IN KONKANI

Life Of The Abbe Faria

ABBE FARIA, by Shanai Goybab. Published by K. S. Nayak at the Gomantak Press, Girgaum, Bombay. Price Annas Four

This is a biographical sketch in Konkani written by Mr W R Warde Valavalkar, popularly known as Shanai Goybab to the Konkani reading public It gives the life-story of the Abbe Faria, an Indian by birth. Faria was born in Goa in the year 1756 in a Christian family whose ancestors were once Brahmins The boy Faria left for Portugal in the company of his father at the age of fifteen and never returned to his motherland, having died in France in 1819 at the age of 63 Faria had his education in Rome and spent the rest of his life either in Portugal or France He was well versed in theology and philosophy and had a wonderful command over Latin, Portuguese and French In recognition of his profound scholarship, Faria was appointed to the professorship of philosophy in the University of France a post which he held for many years

But Faria was more widely known for his original contributions to hypnotism than for his knowledge of philosophy or theology In fact he has come to be recognised all over Europe as the father of modern hypnotism Faria was the first to prove that the cause of somnambulism lies in the subject himself As stated by Bernard Hollander M D., Faria showed by experiments that no unknown force was necessary for the production of the phenomena, that the cause of the sleep was the person who was sent to sleep and that all was subjective

Although he spent almost all his life in Europe Faria was actively interested in the welfare of the Goan people at home He was one of those worked for the liberation of his motherland even in those early days We are told that Faria along with his father, took prominent part in the well-known conspiracy of 1787 to overthrow the Portuguese rule over Goa

The biography under review is written in simple and beautiful Konkani The style is lucid The way of presentation is so attractive that the book makes very interesting reading throughout It is to be earnestly hoped that similar biographies will be forthcoming in the near future. There have been notable personalities among the Konkani-speaking people—both Hindus and Christians in almost very walk of life Their life-stories if told in simple Konkani as Mr Valavalkar has done will serve a useful purpose They will be very helpful in fostering the habit of reading among the common people We look upon the recently started Konkani Basha Mandal for undertaking the publication of such popular literature

DINKAR DESAI

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

SMOKE NUISANCE

SMOKE ABATEMENT AND FUEL ECONOMY By S. B. Mathur. Published by self at Ganeshilal Bagala's Garden, Benajhabar and printed at Star Press, Cawnpore. Price, Rs. 5-8-0.

With the growth of industrial expansion in our country, the problem of smoke nuisance and its improper outlet is becoming increasingly acute. In a very lucid and graphic manner, Mr. S. B Mathur, Inspector of Smoke Nuisances, Cawnpore, has made an earnest attempt to solve this question in his book.

Smoke, as we are given to understand, owes its origin to two obvious factors—incomplete combustion of coal, because of ill-designed boiler plants and improper stoking The author has given some sound suggestions which our hard-boiled mill-moghals would do well to follow, without incurring heavy expenditure They consist in installing an adequate boiler plant, regularity in firing, suitable feed water, discerning use of draught, and selecting a suitable Grit nuisance and gas-explosion fully dealt with and other allied tables and smoke Byelaws constitute the highlights of this useful book

Seth Padampat Singhania, the well-known Cawnpore industrialist, in an instructive foreward to this book, has tried to apologise on behalf of his colleagues, by saying that all the suggestions in this book cannot be adopted in toto, owing to certain difficulties in the way of the manufacturers. But sincere attempts to overcome these difficulties must be made and the smoke nuisance and its attendant evils must be minimised. Architects and engineers, employers or workers all can considerably profit by a perusal of this book

F K R.

PENGUIN HANSARD

PENGUIN HANSARD: Vol. IV. The Second Winter. Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England.

This is the fourth volume of reports of proceedings of the British Parliament. It records a distinct phase of the War. It includes not only a record of the movement of events on land and sea and in the air, it surveys also the attitude of Parliament to its own war-time tasks The utility of this volume to students of international politics and of the working of parliamentary Government in Britain cannot be over-emphasized.

A MYSTERY AND CRIME NOVEL

THE SILK STOCKING MURDERS: A Roger Sherrinham Case. By Anthony Berkley. Penguin Books.

This is one of Mystery and Crime books published in Penguin series. It is a clever story that keeps the reader sustained until the end. The inductive methods of an amateur journalist detective are matched against the humdrum ways of the official detective in this book

10 DROPS ACT IN 15 MINUTES
—OR TAKE 2 TABLETS

If you are feeling completely fagged-out, PHOSFERINE will build you up and put back what you have taken out of yourself—strength, energy and vitality. Get a supply of this splendid tonic today.

2 TABLETS = 10 DROPS

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Depression, Headache, Indigestion, Brain Fag, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Influenza, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Anæmia, Debility, Neurasthenia

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

Symonds & Co., Post Box 912, Bombay. Rs. 1/- for No. 1 size; Rs. 2/- for No. 2 size and Rs. 3/- for No. 3 size post free. Liquid or Tablets.

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

Many enquiries are pouring in regarding the information about Balkan-ji-Bari—The All-India Children's Association. The particulars are despatched to all promptly by the General Secretary. It is hoped, thus slowly and steadily the Association will spread to all parts of India.

It is gratifying to note that wherever our workers go, they try their best to get in touch with the local friends and to establish a Balkan-ji-Bari centre, if possible

Bro. Rasik Shah was at Ahmedabad. He convened a meeting of the local children's workers with the help of Shrimati Sarladevi Sarabhai, and a Committee, with Shri Puranbhai Buch as it Convenor, has been formed there to look after the work.

Shri Satish Desai went to Bhavnagar. There Shri Harbhai Trivedi of the Home-School, who is already a member of the Board of Directors, promised him to start a Branch.

Bro. Bhanushankar Pandya visited Rajkot, and tried to explain the Balkan-ji-Bari and its work to the persons of that place.

Miss Hoor S. Daryani, Vice President, Sind Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari, is at Mussoorie. She holds regular meetings of children on Sundays and occasionally takes them on outings.

Bro. Sukhdev Hingorani is at Hardwar, where he has already established a Balkan-ji-Bari Branch. The Head Master of the local-School, Mr. Sharma has promised him help and co-operation

And a "Friend", who does not want her name to be disclosed, has been helping by enrolling subscribers to "PUSHPA—The Children's Own Paper." How much, indeed, we are grateful to her!

* * *

Our Earthly Rulers Falter

Bro. Madhav Paranjpe has sent us a nice little verse by G. K. Chesterton, and we feel tempted to reproduce it:—

O God of Earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us
But take away our pride!

* * *

Blessed Are The Peacemakers

The other day two boys were seen fighting in a Bombay street and their mates stood by, urging them on.

A man tried to stop the fight, but, dodging round him, the boys resumed the encounter.

Then a schoolgirl pushed her way between the two, and the young combatants dropped their fists, gave up the struggle, and slunk away.

* * *

The Beggar And The Baby

A curious tale of real life from Lucknow has been sent by Sis. Maneck Batliwalla:—

Althougth the U.P. people do not have large families, or possibly because of this fact they are devoted to their children, and this devotion led to an amusing scene in Lucknow some time back.

It was so cold that a kind-hearted woman approached a beggar in great indignation, and asked her how she could be so cruel as to expose her child to the rigours of the night air. She was so insistent that the beggar woman was forced at last to disillusion her. "This isn't real baby," she explained. "It's only a bundle of rags; but," she added, "it brings me just as many coppers as a real baby could."

Perhaps the kind-hearted lady ought to have been satisfied by the explanation, but she was even more indignant at having been deceived than she had been for the sake of the poor baby.

* * *

A Bedtime Story

This one is supposedly true.

A Professor went over to visit a friend of his and got caught in the rain.

The friend, being a kind-hearted soul, insisted that he should stay at his place for the night.

So he dashed upstairs to see if his spare room was in order.

When he came down again, there stood the Professor oozing water all over the place.

"Well, where have you been?"

"Oh, I just went home to get my pajamas!"

* * *

An Advertisement

We give Best Value for your second-hand crumbs, cast-off greens, etc. Songs to suit all tastes. —Birds Unlimited.

Khar Balkan-ji-Bari Boys and Girls are as enthusiastic as ever, and even during the Monsoon they would not like to miss their Sunday morning Meetings at the Laxmi Nagar Pavilion Hall, 10th Road.

PAIRS OF SISTERS: MARATHI, GUJARATI AND JEWS.

ADS AND ENDS *(Continued from Page 8)*

This brought a variety of bids, including one from a gentleman who owned an estate, offering peace, quiet, swimming and sports of all kinds. P.S.: His desk gets cleaned up regularly now.

The problem of censorship is discreetly exercised. Clients are not permitted to state their age, telephone number or address, but are given a box number. The replies are then forwarded, and from then on the letter writers on their own. In spite of censorship, correspondents meet, become friendly, even marry.

Turned Down

The "Review" refuses a good many ads. Here are two that were turned down with some reluctance:

Would like correspondence with wealthy old widdy woman in the twenties who can steer a boat and arrange for petrol while I type the American Novel in the turgid waters of Puget Sound.

Extra! Excellent ex-secretary, ex-homemaker, ex-wife, expects exodus of funds from exhausted exchequer—needs exchange of expenses or will soon be extinct. Object: existence. Charming Widow.

Suspicious souls might think that flimflam artists would use the column to gull and swindle the unwary. They are right. Recently one Reycroft, a middle-aged Lothario with a flair for sweet talk, inserted this shimmery bit:

Wishing, dreaming castle-building, diffident bachelor, bored with muddled world. Would welcome stimulating correspondence with gentlewoman fond of books, open fireplaces, distant places, leisurely conversation.

It snared about 30 book-loving women. Here's the way Reycroft worked: After an exchange of letters he would suggest a meeting. Then, just as friendship was ripening into something deep and fine, he would "borrow" money and disappear. He did pretty well, but his literary talents finally led to his undoing. He put a second ad in the Personal Column:

The Late George Apley's successor, submerged in Manhattan, unconfirmed diffident bachelor, wishes interesting feminine correspondent with high ideals, tolerant mind, stout heart, playful disposition, not clever.

One of the female editors of the "Review", suspecting fraud, answered it, representing herself as a lonely girl from the Middle West. Reycroft arranged a tryst with her in the respectable lobby of the American Women's Association, where he was nabbed by cold-eyed postal inspectors.

Alarmed by 'l'affaire Reycroft,' the editors contemplated putting an end to the Personal Column, but they encountered the same trouble that Conan Doyle ran into when he tried to kill Sherlock Holmes—people wouldn't stand for it. Earnest readers asked what would become of the genuine romantic dreamers, literary spinsters, recipe-writing Englishwomen, and square-shooting southern gentlemen, if the Personal Column came to an end? The pressure was irresistible and the editors, decided to keep the flag flying.

And so the Obelisk of Opportunity still stands—a tower of imagination, wit and originality, with deep foundations in the lonely human heart.

TWELVE LOVELIEST THINGS

A little Scottish girl has made a list of "My Twelve Loveliest Things, People Not Counted". They are:—

The scrunch of dry leaves as you walk through them.
The feel of clean clothes.
Water running into bath.
The cold of ice cream.
Cool wind on a hot day.
Climbing up and looking back.
Honey in your mouth.
Smell of a drugstore.
Hot-water bottle in bed.
Babies smiling.
The feeling inside when you sing.
Baby kittens.
—Douglas Horton, in "The Art of Living To-day".

"I am quite grown-up now—15 months old."

Very Amusing

The doctor was called to the telephone in the middle of his breakfast. After listening to the voice at the end, he said:

"I told you to drink up hot water thirty minutes before breakfast. That's simple enough!"

"Yes," replied the worried little patient, "but I've only been drinking it ten minutes, and I'm so full I can't drink another drop."

All Good Wishes from

Your loving DADA

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN 'GENERAL'

33-Year-Old Housewife Who Responded To The Call Of The Country

Thirty-three-year-old Jean Knox, commands 100,000 trained and uniformed women who do everything from driving trucks to aiming anti-aircraft guns.

The alarm had sounded, and the girls in steel helmets with gas masks were grouped round the huge, complex instruments in the pit, peering through lenses and adjusting dials. The men gunners at the heavy anti-aircraft guns waited while the girls found the sky target and ranged it. Number One girl at the big predictor began to talk, passing back data to the gun officer, and the long gun barrels swung round and up.

The gun officer glanced at his watch. "Good work, girls. I can report that you're the fastest fire-control crew we've had on this post. That ought to please your general."

Escorted by brass-hatted elders of the artillery staff, the general was coming at a swinging stride across the field—nine stone and five feet, four inches of slim young woman, with dark-blue eyes wide-set in a tanned aquiline face, a red-banded peaked cap crammed on her dark, short, crisp hair.

Jean Knox was inspecting one of the new mixed heavy anti-aircraft batteries—men handling the guns, and girls the fire-control instruments. Officially she is Chief Controller of the Auxiliary Territorial Service. But the Army calls her General Knox. (Her subordinates call her Jean). The A.T.S. helps the regular military forces as lorry drivers, mechanics, teleprint operators, cooks, map readers, and many other branches of warfare. writes C. P. Patrick in "Tit Bits."

Major-General Jean Knox, Chief Controller of the A.T.S. She commands an army of 100,000 girls, and soon the strength will be doubled.

Out For New Ideas

Forgetting Boadicea, Mrs. Knox is the first woman general in British history. She is also, at 33, Britain's youngest general. In even more striking ways she epitomizes total war as it has hit Britain; smashing a crust of old ideas and ways and prejudices. Three years ago Jean Knox was just a civilian wife and mother living in a Hertfordshire village, and with no idea in the world of becoming a major-general commanding 100,000 uniformed women. (Next June it will be 200,000.)

Her story properly begins one day in the late summer of 1938, when her husband, George Knox, architect and flier in the Auxiliary Air Service, sat with her on the sun terrace of their hillside home.

Chamberlain was somewhere up in the sky, flying for the first time in his life to play diplomatic poker with Hitler in the latter's Swastika-plastered stronghold in Bavaria. It was Munich-time, and George and Jean Knox knew as well as anyone how weak Chamberlain's hand must be in any showdown play. The Navy, as usual, was all right. But what about the Army and the R. A. F.?

Jean said: "I feel I ought to do something. But what?"

"There's this Auxiliary Territorial Service," suggested her husband.

Jean's immediate reaction was: "I'd be no good. Of course I can cook, drive a car, ride a horse, but there must be stacks of women who can do that, and who'd be glad to."

Changed Her Life

Jean was thirty, had an eleven-year-old daughter to look after, her husband to tend, and around her was her smooth life. It seemed incredible that a savage horde led by an Austrian paperhanger could disturb, much less destroy, their comfortable home. Anyway, what was the hurry? Why not wait for something really to happen?

Suddenly Jean realized that she was arguing in the way Hitler must hope all Britain would go on arguing. He'd got the Rhineland again, then Austria, now the Czech Sudeten defence belt. On of these days he'd pluck Britain itself like a ripe plum. Why not, if they all just sat around murmuring: "War? Oh, there may be some trouble and readjustment in Europe; but we're all right!"

That revealing flash changed Jean Knox's life. Straightway she drove off to the Territorial Army headquarters to enrol in the women's auxiliary branch.

The county T. A. officer, a colonel, gave her a first shock by resisting her offer to chauffeur an Army car, drive an ambulance, or handle horses—jobs she thought she could do. He told her that what they needed really were a few good "regimental officers," women who'd work hard and who had the ability to handle other women. Jean Knox looked like good officer material to him. She hesitated. But he talked her into it.

Within a month she had run throughout the Territorial Army course of potential officers, and been appointed an officer of the A.T.S. They gave her three pips right away. It was October, 1938

She still had to qualify in action. She was a company commander with no company. Her job was to raise and train an A.T.S company.

Jean put in some fast work drumming up recruits, interviewing applicants, learning to judge character at a glance, finding out that paper data about an individual means little, discovering how and why young women work or shirk, give zestfully, or sulk

By the spring of 1939 she had her company recruited, trained, disciplined, and lively. It was reckoned the smartest company in the new corps at the 1939 summer camp.

A few weeks later Hitler slipped the leash off his new war machine, and as Armageddon Number Two exploded, Jean Knox got her mobilization notice and took her company to its war station

Tough Job

The A. T.S. was less than 18,000 strong when it mobilized. The Army wanted more women auxiliaries quickly. Jean Knox summoned to London to help get them, closed her home, packed her daughter Julie off to school, and settled down to a new job—which turned out to be tough.

She was used to open-air life. Now she worked twelve and fourteen hours a day in a Whitehall office. Later she went back through the nightly blitzes to a little house she'd taken on the rim of town. On Sundays she recuperated by working in the garden.

She was having a rough passage because the A.T.S. was still bumping heavily over the cogs Planned in haste, on militia lines, the corps suffered from an overweight of title inefficients. Then a Parliamentary Committee woke things up with charges of bad feeding, insufficient medical care, waste of ability, and a wrong system of promotion.

The War Office chiefs went into a huddle. They sent for senior Commander (Major) Jean Knox, and requested her to change the A.T.S. into a model corps.

She visited every camp and station, contacting the girls, probing conditions. She returned with a blueprint for reorganizing the service. It was adopted. The service improved. Resignations thinned the rows of titles in the senior officers' list. The recruiting curve turned up. Under a new age scale the 63-year-old Chief Controller, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, relinquished her command.

Who could succeed "The Dame"? She gave Jean Knox the A.T.S. command.

She put on the rank marks of a major-general, because meantime the A.T.S. had been granted military status. All the other A.T.S. officers got regular Army markings. This, incidentally, caused some brief confusion. The Army officer commanding in one corps area ordered salutes for women officers when the rank called for it. But he had to wash it out. Too many six-foot sergeants and sixteen-stone sergeant-majors objected to saluting pint-size Venuses with the three pips of junior commander

The A. T. S. is a happy service. The new commander smartened uniforms at the same time that she tightened discipline Asked about pencilled eyebrows, she remarked that some, like roses, are improved by pruning. She approves discreet use of cosmetics

The general disciplines herself. She wakes always at six-thirty and promptly swings her legs out and goes under the shower.

Her Private Dream

One day she was making an inspection round with a general He spoke of improved cooking and more satisfied soldiers since the A.T.S took over the camp kitchens.

"I think we might make a smarter turn-out", he added, glancing down, "if we had women to polish our leathers How do you get your orderly to bring up your leather like that? I've got a good feller old cavalryman, but he can't get that polish on my books."

"Thanks for the compliment," Jean said. "I polish my own shoes."

It's an old habit she has kept up as a bit of useful self-discipline.

The war absorbs her energies and activities, but not all her thoughts. She looks to the future. She told me the other day that she thought her own attitude towards the war represented that of most Englishwomen—they loathe having it forced on them by the Nazi lust for conquest, but now they intend to see it through, because, thinking of to-morrow, they know they have no other choice.

"We shall need the same spirit when we have to rebuild a lost world after the war. I believe we shall have it. It may be war-born, but it won't die when the war ends."

She has a private dream of her own. "If I'm alive when all this ends," she says, "I'll take a whole year off, and spend every moment with my family."

LOOKING SMART IN WAR TIME

In peacetime Ann Seymour used to give expensive beauty hints to the women of Britain. What she has to say about them now, in a recent BBC broadcast, is an interesting contrast.

'In spite of clothes coupons, the acute scarcity of cosmetics, soap rationing, and the difficulty of getting a permanent wave, British women are looking remarkably smart and pretty.....Although our hands have never been so busy and it is almost impossible to get hand creams or lotion, no girl, even in the toughest job, is seen with ill-groomed hands..... They use a little castor oil and salt mixed to cleanse and soften the hands....

'A girl in the A. T. S. told me that in her unit as soon as a supply of nail varnish appeared in the canteen there was a great rush to buy—by the men. They had found that they could keep a brilliant polish for days on their buttons with one application of colourless varnish However the girls had their own back The next time pipe-cleaners were on sale, they got in first and bought the lot—for hair curlers!'

Three men were sitting in the parlour of a country inn, having spent a very good time together. Suddenly a large rat ran across the floor and scuttled out of sight All three saw it, but no one said a word.

At last one of them could stand the tension no longer. "I knew what you fellows are thinking", he shouted, "You think I saw a rat, but I didn't!"

WORRIED WOMAN
RAJO PILLS (Extra)
RECOMMENCES MENSTRUATION
within two days
Price Rs. 10-10-0
DR. GOLE'S LABORATORIES,
23 Girgaon Road, Bombay 4
Tel. No. 22550.

TIME—JAPAN'S TREACHEROUS ALLY

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

A reappraisal of Japan is clearly in order in the light of events of the past five months.

Japan's first asset is geography, and this is also a liability. The theatre of Far Eastern war is the Far East. The stakes of a Far Eastern war lie in the Far East. Japan is in the Far East. She could get there first with the most men, the most guns, the most ships, the most planes. In the beginning, therefore, Japan was bound to win the stakes. That is geography, that is mathematics, that is any other aspect of first principles.

But geography, which gives Japan her first successes, becomes a liability rather than an asset after the successes have been won. For, the geographical disadvantages which have been ours then become Japan's. Japan's navy must cover lanes extending nearly 4,000 miles. The air force must be distributed for defence along that whole course. The opportunity to choose the point at which Japanese strength can be concentrated on a single objective is lost, and lost also is the opportunity to choose the scene of action.

No Power Of Endurance

This would not be fatal or even over-serious if Japan were inherently strong enough to hold command of the sea within a radius of say, 2,500 miles, and command of the air within a similar radius, and at the same time supply her forces at any point with enough reserves of men and material to meet any attack that can be thrown against them. Japan is not strong enough for that. And here lies her crucial weakness—the lack of the kind of reserve that makes for endurance in modern warfare.

Japan may have been winning in these first months rich sources of raw materials, but to get the benefit of them she must have a surplus of mechanical equipment and of trained industrial manpower. Both of these she lacks, especially the latter. Japan began the war at the height of her curve of power. Japan could throw into action everything she had and this is as much as she will ever have.

On the other hand the United Nations, and America in particular, have barely touched their storehouse of wealth and productive capacity. In the capacity for building ships to carry men and planes and arms and munitions, for building fighting ships and planes, in reserves of raw materials to use and money to pay for them, there is no comparison between Japan and the United States—let alone Great Britain and perhaps Russia in due course.

A Huge Siege

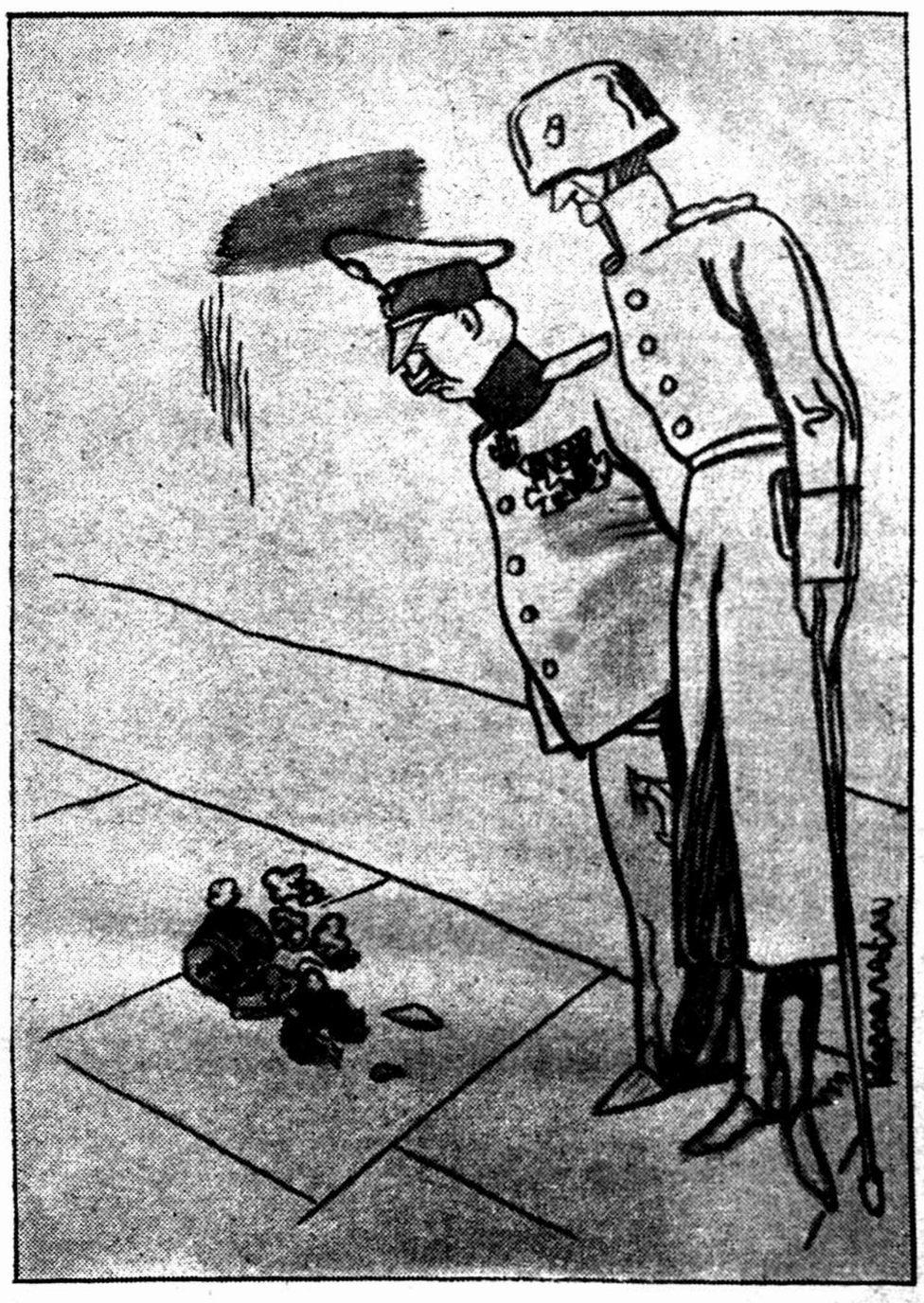
At the beginning, time was in Japan's favour; but only at the beginning. Time soon became her most potent enemy. Japan may still be able to dig in, but before long she will be in a state of siege. She will be besieged not in a single, concentrated, prepared position, but stretched out along thousands of miles. Then her enemies can choose the point of attack and concentrate at that point.

The essential fact is that Japan is now as strong as she can or ever will be again, and that present appearances are deceptive. A militaristic Power which takes the offensive can be almost at its best until the eve of its crash. Witness Germany in the last war apparently irresistible on July 15, 1918; suing for an armistice less than three months later. It is just the factor which makes Japan so formidable now that is her fatal weakness—namely, that she could summon the fullness of her strength at the beginning of the struggle, and only at the beginning.

Not So Strong Now

In so far as any revision of judgment on Japan is called for, it is only illusion that must be discarded. Japan was not so weak as we thought in 1941; she is not so strong as we are inclined to think now. At the beginning of a war against far distant enemies she was not only strong but invincible. But when those enemies can compensate for distance by calling on reserves of power, Japan become vulnerable dangerously vulnerable.

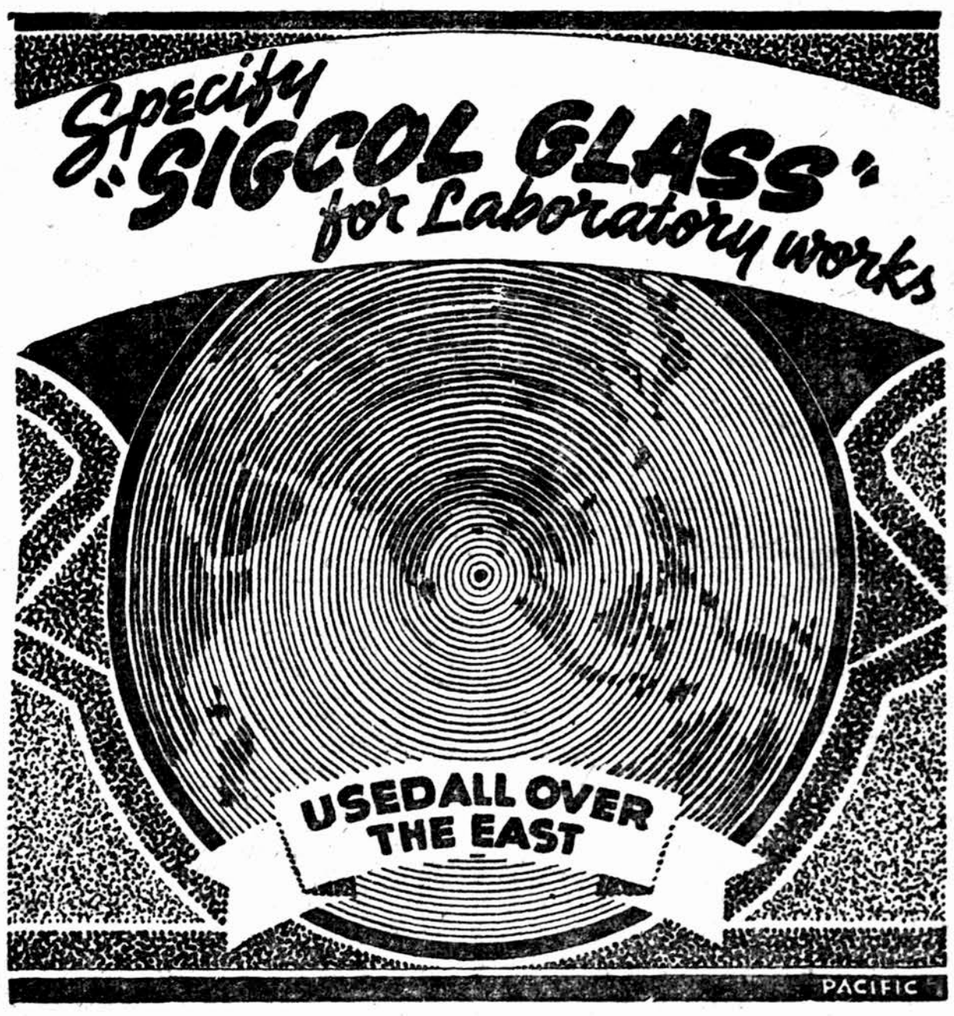
Despite all present appearances Japan is too big for her boots and she will stumble before she has gone much farther.



IN OCCUPIED CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

"I'd advise you to wear a steel helmet, Your Excellency. The population often meets us with flowers."

—Soviet Cartoon



GIVES IDEAL RESULTS
IN ALL CLIMATES

THE SCIENTIFIC INDIAN GLASS CO., LTD.
6, CHURCH LANE, CALCUTTA.

Bombay Agents:—
INDUSTRIAL & ENGINEERING APPARATUS CO., LTD.
Chhotani Estates, Proctor Road, Grant Road, Bombay 7.

COLONEL BLIMP WILL CARRY ON!

(Continued from Page 5)

was vanishing. You must remember that these reverses were far more surprising to him than they were to the rest of us, who guessed what must inevitably happen once Japan suddenly unmasked her guns.

He Will Carry On

It stood to reason that we must face a period of serious setbacks, simply because we couldn't bring enough men and material to the vast distant area in time. But Blimp, having been living not in the present but in the past, in which such disasters simply couldn't happen, had to endure one terrible shock after another. Now he was compelled at last to admit that his world no longer existed, that a great pace of history had been turned, that we were now at the beginning of a new era and must therefore face events and subsequently control and initiate them as if we too were new men.

But there was still health and life in Blimp. He didn't want to bury himself in the ruins of his shattered world. He loved this country and had a real affection for nearly all the people he really knew and didn't just imagine he knew. He has always talked a lot, perhaps too much, about 'carrying on.'

So now he will carry on. But I said my subject was the Life and Death of Colonel Blimp. Well, he will carry on, but not, I think, as Blimp. The man who wrote that letter to my friend the secretary said, you remember: 'I am now too old to change, but I gladly send you the enclosed cheque for ten pounds in order to help you to give me and my like a decent funeral with all possible speed ....' But of course he was wrong. He wasn't too old to change. When he wrote that letter he'd already changed. There may be a funeral, but the coffin will be empty. Or it may simply contain a large military moustache of old-fashioned cut and a few discarded prejudices. So goodbye, Colonel. (Broadcast in the BBV talks series, 'Britain Speaks.')

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE BEST!

(Continued from Page 7)

after 6-30 have about as much chance of finding any meat to eat as of discovering onions in onion soup a la London.

The word has gone around that the early bird catches the roast beef, although the real Yorkshire pudding is long since forgotten for lack of eggs. One lesson that visitors to London learn early in the game is that if there is not a solid cut of meat to be had it is better to eat a solid piece even of salt fish than to take a chance on minced hash to which the chef has given a fancy name. What sort of stuff has gone into that high-faulting hash, camouflaged with highly seasoned un-English sauce, is something that is perhaps best left undiscovered.

However, the writer foolishly ordered shepherd's pie the other night in a restaurant he had learned to trust, only to discover that it was made out of something that looked and smelled exactly like, and probably was, canned stuff sold in the United States for feeding cats and dogs.

Poets And The War (Continued from Page 3)

where they must betray their genius, unless they are, inevitably, 'public' poets. He, and others, must understand that for a multitude of reasons the old 'public' voice is not what is being overheard by the poets. There is no necessary lack of patriotism; but they will not, and they are right, 'manufacture' the work to please the critic or the type of gentlemen who begin to lay down the law on such matters but who, normally, never pick up a book of verse after they have left school. Mr. MarCarthy therefore, unwittingly we are sure joins with the bullies who would bludgeon the artist into conformity, by this praise given in the wrong place."

But has anyone suggested "bludgeoning" the poets into conformity, or asking them to "betray their genius," or calling on them to "manufacture" verse to please people who, except in war-time, "never pick up a book of verse after they have left school"? Not many people, I am sure. The point of the criticism of modern poetry is that it has been out of touch with common life and the passions of common men as it was not in the time of the Napoleonic wars and the troubled Europe that followed it and as it was not in the last Great War. It is as though poetry had become a private business and that a deeper gulf existed between poetry and the spirit of man than was ever known in the great ages of verse. The great poetry that has come down to us is political only in a small degree; but the passion that makes men poets makes them also politicians when freedom and justice are at stake, and seldom have ... poets left it to the statesmen to speak the words than in time of crisis set men's souls on fire.

Wordsworth was certainly not "playing down' to wearers of the Old School Tie when he wrote his "Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty." He did not betray his genius when he poured it into sonnets devoted to the liberation of mankind in the eternal war between good and evil. There are occasions on which the mighty public happenings on the earth awake the genius of the great poet as surely as the coming of spring or the stars in the firmament. The truth is, politics and poetry, though the politician and the poet pursue different ends, overlap; and the Wordsworth who was moved by the song of the Highland reaper would have been less whole as a poet if he had not been moved as deeply by the fate of Toussaint l'Ouverture:—

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Historic Sonnet

A poet of Wordsworthian stature cannot stand imaginatively aloof from the passions of his fellowmen plunged into conflicts compared with which the Trojan Wars were minor episodes. He shares their grief, their faith, their hope, and his shaping imagination turns these into immortal verse. Wordsworth did not "manufacture" the sonnet. "November, 1806," which begins:—

Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!

He could no more help writing it than Shakespeare could help writing "Hamlet". If modern poets are open to criticism, it is chiefly because they can help writing great verse on equally tremendous themes.

Nor did the other great poets of the early nineteenth century escape, or attempt to escape, imaginatively from the cataclysmic drama that was being enacted in the Europe of their time. You will find politics in Coleridge and Byron and Shelley and even in Keats, who professed himself ready to jump down Etna for any public good. Byron, when he heard of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, may have said: "I'm damned sorry" but what music of liberty he bequeathed to the world in "The Isles of Greece" and "The Prisoner of Chillon!"

Tennyson and Browning were also politicians—Browning not least in his expression of the conquered Italian's hatred for his Austrian oppressor.

At no time, in modern history, indeed, does poetry seem to have been so little stirred by contemporary events on the tragic scale as it is to-day. The last war haunted the imagination alike of Thomas Hardy and of Mr. Walter de la Mare. W. B. Yeats lived mainly apart from it; but he was a "public poet" in writing of his own country, and, to my mind, if he had been less of a politician in his verse, he would have been by so much less a poet. Kipling's politics may at times have been hateful to some of us, but there is no denying the passion that went to the making of "Who dies if England live?" How beautiful, again, is the passion of courage in Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle" —his one poem of genius, of which Kipling said: "His lips must have been touched." There were many moods expressed in the poetry of the last war—the moods of Rupert Brook of Wilfrid Owen and of Siegfried Sassoon—but, whatever their moods, the poets could not ignore the war in their verse as something merely temporary, something that failed to put their imaginations at full stretch.

It seems to me worth inquiring into why the new poetry has reacted to world catastrophe so differently from the poetry of previous generations. (I am not forgetting such books as Mr. Richard Church's fine collection of poems, "The Solitary Man," but Mr. Church is not a member of the distinctly new school.) It is that the moderns are poets of less stature than their predecessors—that they are less complete in their humanity, less abundant and magnanimous in their imagination? I think myself that it is largely because the poets have consciously or unconsciously dug that widening gulf between poetry and the life of the common man; and I cannot believe that this is a good thing for poetry: "John O'London's Weekly."

THE REVELATION

(Continued from page 2)

squeezed lemon, while Achu was helping himself to the second cup of tea. The three sat down and Nanna proceeded:

"As I said, I never realised the enormity of the crime we have been committing against humanity ..... Laxmi, have patience and listen. You will catch the thread of the narrative as I go along .....One day we were coming from school, Kumaran, Govindan and me. We were chums and had become sort of inseparables. I don't know how it happened. The other boys in the class, however, did not take to them kindly. They were jealous too, for Kumar and Govind were bright students and invariably scored over most others. But we became good friends and I could not bear the thought of their being ill-treated. One day, as we were returning from school—it was dusk—higher caste people with ash-smeared and half-naked bodies were on their way to the temple. 'Haa-h-haa'—the loud shout reached our ears. Kumar and Govindan stopped and were about to turn back. (The shout is the signal for untouchables to keep out of the way). They wanted to keep away from the pathway. We were in a narrow lane and there was not enough room to keep the "pollution" away from the approaching caste Hindu templegoers. Kumar and Govind were turning back and would have had to walk back a furlong, before they could find the space necessary. In a flash the revelation came to me. I could walk on, but not my friends. It was an insufferable thought. I would not let them turn back. We walked forward. The 'devotees' were within sight and we were approaching nearer. "Haa—h-haa" came the shout again. For the first time it sounded abominable to me. They had noticed us. They knew us, too. But when they saw that my two friends were in no mood to turn back to make the path "pure" for them, the 'devotees' began to abuse and the urchins began pelting stones One stone struck me. Kumar and Govindan were scared, but they were prepared for a little fun—painful fun at that .....

"Keep away," thundered one. I went a little ahead and tried to reason with the others. After all it would cost them but another dip in the tank, whereas it would put us three to lot of trouble. After all where could they go to keep away at the distance required? We would have had to walk full half-a-mile back and then cover the entire distance again They would not listen. Then it had to be defiance. We three defied and went our way..... That day will ever remain a landmark in my life. I was at the parting of the ways and cowardice had left me. "Now, Achu, you see the reason of the change that has come over me, and why I frequent Kumaran's house. It should now also be clear to you why I went to the jetty at the back-waters and talked to you of the fishermen. Does this shock you?" Nanna felt a great burden had been taken off his head.

Achuthan who listened to the narrative intently did not betray any emotions. As for Lakshmikutty, she had left them to themselves. It was late in the evening. She had to be in the temple. Achuthan caught hold of Nanna. The grip was strong and firm.

"Come, let us go out," he said. There was a great conflict within him. He wanted to hide it. They walked on in silence for some time, when suddenly Achuthan left his grip over Nanna and sat down on the banks of the public tank. Tears were rolling down his eyes. He was speechless. Nanna realised the situation and plunged into the water Achuthan and he were swimming together. Before they parted, Achuthan said simply:

"I understand, now Nanna I understand. You can count on my everlasting comradeship. With us let the struggle of the universe be."

SO PEACEFUL AND QUIET

To most people the idea of baling out is terrifying. Here, in contrast, are the candid feelings of Squadron-Leader Lynn, D.F.C., who came to Broadcasting House to speak of them.

'I'd just jumped from a rattling, almost uncontrollable aircraft and the change was grand. With my ripcord in one hand and cap in the other I jumped ..... I don't remember pulling the ripcord, but I suddenly found it loose—and I was swinging gently from side to side in the clouds It was the most marvellous sensation. So peaceful and quiet after all the racket in the aircraft. I had no sensation at all of falling—only moving gently about in the air, with a soft breeze brushing my face. I stuffed the ripcord into my pocket (they like you to bring these back), tucked my cap safely under my harness, and went on floating through the clouds ..

'A woman who was looking after the bar never turned a hair as I walked in, covered with mud wet through and with the parachute hanging over my arm. I explained what had happened and she just said "You'd better come up to the fire and get warm" nd then went on knitting. It was a nice fire, and a drink was good too'.

DR. B. N. DESAI, L. M. & S.
Wadifalia, SURAT.
HYDROCELE SPECIALIST.
WITHOUT OPERATION
Cures HYDROCELE at one sitting in 10 minutes from 1st to 6th every month in Sardar Griha Hotel Crawford Market, Bombay.
Details with certificates can be had on sending 3 annas stamps.

WHY 'PILICON' MUST END YOUR PILES
QUICK RELIEF—"I am glad to say that relief was felt by using your 'Pilicon' ".
A. N. B., Delhi.
REPEAT ORDER—"I find 'Pilicon' efficacious.....Send me immediately one tube of the Ointment".
R. B. H. Ratnagiri.
QUITE A MIRACLE—"My wife has been fully cured by your 'Pilicon'. This ointment is a miracle for Piles".
A. H., Karachi.
Because it is the one pile ointment that penetrates the swollen tissues. "Pilicon" contains, among other things, 27% Adeps Lanae Anhyd. which has a peculiar affinity to the natural fat of the skin and is therefore readily absorbed by the tissues. For quick and lasting results "Pilicon" takes a lot of beating.
Rs. 2-4 per tube. Postage extra.
PILICON PILE OINTMENT
Made by: W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD., LEEDS, ENGLAND.
Sole Distributors: CASTOPHENE MFG. CO., Karachi.

LEPROSY
Anaesthetic or Nodular type LEUCODERMA. Eczema Psoriasis & 180 kinds of skin-diseases are eradicated by the miraculous treatment of the famous Leper Specialist—
PANDIT RAM PRAN SHARMA
Write for Particulars of treatment.
HOWRAH KUSTHA KUTIR P O HOWRAH
Branch: 40, HARRISON RD. CALCUTTA

THE LAST PAGE

Conducted by "CHRONICLERS"

MORE TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS

"Hello...hello...HELLO!... Dammit, can't you heah me?.. Oh, Chokra, choti memsahib ko bulano maro... Is that Kitty? This is me, Booby... BOOBY...B for bloody...O for Oxford...Yes, yes, I am Booby... Now, for heaven's sake, don't make me shout, as it is I have a hang-over....Yes, it was last night's party at the C. C.. I. Why don't you show up, Baby...How was that party? Oh, boy! Oh, boy!..... Champagne flowed like water and at the card table stakes were as high as the Himalayas..... Who was there? You might as well ask: Who was not there? I will tell you of a few who 'were' there..... Billy and Rosy, Kitty, Petoo, the Dubashes, the Shahs and the Dumwallahs, three young Americans who could drink the whole Atlantic....And, of course, your own Booby boy...But I missed you, honey, honest I did. Perhaps if you were there I would not have drunk so much. That's why I have such a hang-over this morning....What, not morning? Then what time is it? FOUR PEE EM.... My painted aunt! And I am yet in bed!....Now, what I wanted to say was what about the Saturday afternoon dance at the club? May I have the honour of leading the mademoiselle to the floor? Thanks. So, that's a date. Don't forget cheerio."

"Hello, hello .... is that Corner Restaurant .... just send up to Flat 13, a packet of Alka-Selzer. Jaldi. Ek dam."

"Hello, hello....Is that the Florist?....Please send a dozen gardenias on my account to the usual address....Yes, I am Booby speaking."

"Hello, hello, ... is that Petoo? .... Boy, have you got over your hang-over? .... Good .... Now, look here .... what do you mean you can't look here? .... Oh, one of your usual jokes .... Alright, Smarty, listen to me. I don't feel like going to the Club or the Taj even if there is Carmen Miranda herself appearing in the Cabaret .... I want to stay at home and have a quiet evening with friends .... Just a little bit of Bridge and, may be, a drop or two of grape-juice. Now, suppose you and Bob and Reggy all roll up by 8 o'clock .... That's a good boy. Cheerio."

"Hello, is that Dawaiwala & Co?....Will you please immediately send me a case of brandy. Yes I am Booby speaking."

"Hello, Corner Restaurant? What has happened to that Alka-Selzer I ordered. Now, better send five packets. I am expecting helluva hang-over to-morrow too. And don't make me ring you up again?

We must economize on telephones. There is a war on, don't you know?"

★

Glory Out Of Indignity

The last week's cowardly attack on Mr. Rajagopalachari at a Matunga meeting brought out in spectacular relief the courage and sense of humour of the gallant C. R. He turned the whole incident against the perpetrators of the crime by the simple expedient of continuing to address the meeting "with his dark thick glasses coated with tar and with his face and his clothes clothes besmirched with the oily liquid". It was a poignantly dramatic situation—reminiscent of the early Christian martyrs, of Christ himself, of Tukaram, of Tilak, of Professor Mamlock—but Rajaji enlivened it with his sense of humour.

Indeed, it is this sense of humour, triumphing over indignity and injury, that stands out as the most memorable highlight of the ugly situation. How many men—even among our national leaders—could have so quickly rallied their wits and summoned so much humour to deal with a situation like this? Not many, we are afraid.

★

Some If's

Indeed, it is interesting to speculate how other front rank Indian leaders would have reacted to a similar situation.

Mahatma Gandhi never loses his temper and can deal with any obstructionist or hostile demonstrator in his own quiet way—as he dealt with the Black Flag demonstrators at Karachi when they accused him of not having tried to save Bhagat Singh. But such an indignity as throwing coal-tar at Gandhiji would have provoked —even enraged—the crowd with fatal consequences to the perpe trators of the crime. And, consequently, the Mahatma might have had to fast to atone for his own followers' lapse into violence.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru would have jumped into the fray with characteristic disregard of personal safety and caught the criminal, possibly giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Rajen Babu and Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan would have accepted the indignity with their usual humility—but without Rajaji's sense of humour

Mr. Satyamurti, of course, would have retaliated with a seven column statement.

As for Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, it is exciting to imagine the invective he would have hurled at the obstructionists.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad would have been dignified to the last.. When the Muslim Leaguers staged a demonstration against him at Bori Bunder station he walked on with such supreme unconcern and dignified composure that he made the demonstrators look extremely silly and small.

Mr. Jinnah, under similar circumstances, would have—but we dare not speculate!

But for a sense of humour, full marks to C. R.

★

"My India, My America"

"And now" said the American Society hostess, "our distinguished guest from India, that land of mystery, will perform the rope trick."

The "distinguished guest from India," a young student in New York went to a restaurant and was greeted by the waitress: "You're from India, aintya? Tell my fortune?"

Such experiences have been common to practically every Indian who has ever visited the land of Uncle Sam. We are reproducing them here because such problems, personalities and progress in a country of which our knowledge is far from commensurate with its importance in the present and future of world history. And in studding it also with his gayly affectionate adaptations to America, his experience and comment and occasional comparison, the young author has warmed his whole big volume with a lambent flame of lively humanity which should assure that public's enjoyable reading, as well as the attention of students who are already interested in its facts.

This is a book, then, about a boy in India and the same boy as a young man in America. And as a man he opens for the country of his "long pilgrimage" the door to a new knowledge of the Hindu civilization, the position of women in India and the reasons for its change, the nationalist movement and its leaders, India's present situation and dilemma, and its place in democracy's future hope.

KRISHNALAL

Boy from Kathiawar hits the headlines in New York.

IN THE OCCUPIED REGIONS

"Why are there only two persons to meet you?"
"They are the only ones left after the eviction of the Czech minority."
—Soviet Cartoon.

incidents, symbolic of the vast ignorance about India in America, have inspired—or provoked —a book that has hit the headlines in America.

"My India, My America", by Krishnalal Shridharni (Introduction by Louis Bromfield, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York) is a remarkable book according to the reviews in American papers recently received by us. "The New York Times Book Review" gives it a full-page splash, calling it an "unusual and genuinely valuable book", while Pearl Buck, writing in "Asia", is all praises for it.

★

Opening A Door Of Knowledge

According to the reviewer of "The New York Times":—

"My India, My America" is essentially a book of information for the general public about the present conditions,

★

Author! Author!

From the same source, we are able to glean some interesting facts about the author.

Born in Kathiawar, Krishnalal Shridharni is said to have been an inmate of the Sabarmati Ashram, "one of the students gathered around Gandhi" and took part in the famous Dandi march. After imprisonment he went to Shantiniketan and in 1934, went to the United States, with a scholarship from the Maharajah of Bhavnagar, for higher studies in sociology and journalism.

Krishnalal's many relatives and friends in Kathiawar and Bombay will be glad to know of the success he has achieved as a writer in America. "My India, My America" is assured of a ready welcome in the author's home country whenever it arrives. At the moment the local book-sellers do not seem to have heard of it.

★

The most beautiful words from the book, quoted by the reviewers: "...that peculiarly Indian solidarity that lies like velvet under all the lace of India's delicate situations".

LAUGH AWAY YOUR BLUES

"Is your husband digging for victory, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes! This year he's really doing all out after 'Itler."

A man visiting a house for the first time found that his host was the proud father of three wild children. The latter made so much noise that the visitor found it difficult to hear a word that was said.

One child was busy ripping the upholstery out of a brand-new settee. A second lad was driving nails into an expensive table, and the third was swinging gaily from a chandelier.

The bewildered guest eyed the youngster who was driving nails into furniture. He turned to his host.

"I say," he said, pointing to the boy with the hammer, "don't you find it rather expensive to let your little boy play like that?"

The host smiled proudly.

"Not at all," he replied, cheerfully. "I get the nails wholesale!"

* * *

Angry of Landowner: "Don't you see the notice 'No fishing here'?"

Angler: "There must be a mistake somewhere, for I'm catching plenty."

* * *

"Buy a paper, guv'nor? All the news."

"No! I get my news on the wireless."

"But you can't wrap yer lunch up in the wireless, guv'nor!"

She: "I shouldn't go in there now. The Boss is taking orders."

He: "I didn't know there were any about."

She: "There aren't. It's his wife on the 'phone."

Professor: "What's a Grecian urn?"

Student: "Depends on what he does for a living."

* * *

Jackson (gloomily). "I don't believe I have a friend in the world."

Smith: "You can make one—I need a loan of ten shillings."

* * *

"Father," said Willie, "will you give me a penny for a poor man who is crying outside?"

"Certainly," replied father, "What is the crying for?"

"He's crying: Ice cream—a penny each", said Willie, having got the penny.

* * *

He was spouting with great vigour against corporal punishment for boys which he declared never did any good: "Take my own case," he exclaimed "I was cared only once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."

* * *

An attendant in a mental home was making his evening round when he came upon one of the patients fishing in a wash-basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humour the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything.

"What!" said the patient. "In a wash-basin! Are you crazy?"

* * *

An ostrich went out for a stroll in the desert and thought he'd call at his favourite oasis, in the hope of running across a few of his pals.

When he got there he found six other ostriches standing with their heads buried in the sand.

"Just my luck", he said. "Not a soul about."

* * *

A piece of paper covered with mystic figures and signs had been discovered on the floor of the aircraft factory.

It had been seen to fall from the handbag of a girl worker who had received it from a strange woman at the works entrance. Experts had been called in to decipher the apparent code, but all failed.

Finally the manager took it home to study it further. His wife supplied the solution.

"Why, John," she exclaimed with animation, "wherever did you get this from? It's a knitting system for a perfectly sweet jumper!"

The taxi was a very ancient one and had taken a long time to reach its destination.

As the passenger paid his fare he remarked:

"How do you manage when your fare is in a desperate hurry?"

"I keeps on changin' me gears and 'onkin the hooter."

* * *

Jack: "So you're distantly related to the Smith family?"

Bob: "Yes: our dog is their dog's brother."

* * *

The following, taken from a petty cash-book, is surely the world's shortest novel:—

Advert. for typist, 2s.; typist's salary, £2; flowers, 5s.; chocolates, 7s. 6d.; typist's salary, £3: sweets for wife, 6d.; Winnie's salary, £4; dinner and theatre for Winnie and self, £10 10s.; fur coat for wife, £105; advert for male typist, 2s.

Doctor: "And why do you think the maximum of three cigarettes a day is not doing you any good?"

Patient: "Perhaps it is because I'd never smoked before."

Bobby: "A little bird told me what kind of lawyer your father is."

Johnny: "What did the bird say?"

"Cheap, cheap."

"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is!"

* * *

"You love your girl, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Yet you mean to say you caught this fellow making love to her and you stand for it?"

"Well—er—yes. You see——"

"Why didn't you give him the hiding of his life?"

"I'm just waiting. Waiting, that's all."

"Waiting? What for?"

"Till I catch her with a smaller fellow."

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

IF THAT SIGN MEANS ANYTHING YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT MY HAIR BACK, YOU'VE GOT IT MUCH TOO SHORT!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
GLADYS PARKER
10-4

The Bombay Samachar

A GUJERATI DAILY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING

Single Copy Two Annas

For Rates of Advertisements and Subscription apply to the Manager, "The Bombay Samachar", Red House, Parsi Bazar Street, Fort, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 21 April, 2017

WHEN RED ARMY WENT WHITE

Red Army skiers on the march during the winter offensive.

Russian snipers moving into action.

Machine-gun crew ready for the enemy.

★

A tank-borne detachment mounting the tanks.

Printed and Published for the Bombay Chronicle Co., Ltd., by KESARINATH RAMKRISHNA GANDRE at the "Bombay Chronicle" Press, Red Building, Parsi Bazaar Street, Fort, Bombay.